

Our 500th Issue!



messing
about in

BOATS

Volume 21 - Number 21

March 15, 2004



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BOATS

Every Two Weeks

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On the Cover...

500 issues ago this was the front cover of our little 16 page magazine devoted to messing about in boats. The boat is a Baybird sloop native to Cape Cod built and sailed by Loring Wordell.

Commentary



BOB HICKS

When I decided to move into small boats with a new magazine, I thought I ought to explain to those receiving the sample Volume 1 - Number 1 why I was doing this and what I thought it would be like. Here's my explanation in the first of what now has added up to 500 "Commentary" pages:

"Well yes, who needs another boating publication? I mean, there are dozens already on the newsstands that cater to just about any possible boating enthusiasm. I know, I've read them all over the past seven years I've been in boating. But I decided something still was missing. Only two of those magazines really reached my interests, and they come out only six times a year, once every two months. *WoodenBoat* and *Small Boat Journal*, nice magazines indeed, but it's so long between issues that I nearly forget that I get them.

WoodenBoat and *Small Boat Journal*? Yes, that should indicate to you where my interests lie, but let me elaborate a bit. I like wooden boats. I like sailing wooden boats. I like rowing wooden boats. I like restoring and building wooden boats. I also like old one lugger motor launches and mahogany speedboats. I've found wood/canvas canoes fascinating. I like the idea of coastal cruising in small boats. I think steamboats are great. I'm not a purist about wooden boats, I just prefer wood to use and work on.

So okay, this means that *WoodenBoat* and *Small Boat Journal* should do the trick for me. But as I said, there's that time lag. And there's one other really important aspect. Both are aiming at "national" readerships and thus cannot focus on the local New England scene as much as I'd like to see them. There are hundreds of local stories that just cannot get into print because of the space and time constraints imposed by the size of these two publications, frequency of publication, and nationwide focus.

So I decided for the third time in my life that I'd get into publishing a regional publication in which I could tell the many, many tales of regional interest about the sorts of boats I like and the people I've met doing interesting things with these boats. All that is going on here in New England that cannot hope for more than cursory mention in the major publications, or belated coverage several months after the event. Yes, since 1959 I have supported myself with small regional magazines, two of them, so I'm no stranger to the economics and mechanics of getting out this paper you are reading now.

The format I've chosen is this 12 to 16 page "bulletin" type, this introductory issue contains the sort of mix of news, features, and classified ads I expect to provide. It has no trade ads yet, of course, but when those who think the readership we attract is a market for their products or services, I expect you'll be seeing some ads.

The key thing is this. You will get a copy EVERY TWO WEEKS, except in August when we'll not publish. In August everyone is out in their boats, and I'll be too. But, save for then, you'll hear from us every two weeks. This means that information about upcoming activities will be current, and that reports on bygone events will be topical and up to date. And the classifieds. You can get an ad out to buyers within any two-week period. None of this six weeks to three months stuff. And the ads are cheap at \$.10 a word, even cheaper for any subscriber because a subscriber can have a FREE classified in any issue. Along with enjoying boats, another thing I like is the buying, selling, and swapping. I wanted a current, frequent marketplace for this. So I'm providing it.

The contents will reflect my interests but I'll not close my mind to other boating subjects that readers may suggest as long as they fit into this sort of hometown paper format. I'm not going into any of the how-to stuff you can get from *WoodenBoat* or *Small Boat Journal*, other than when it comes with an article on how someone interesting did something interesting. I'm also not too interested in serious racing or in trade promotion items. I am interested in what the everyday boating nut is doing in this fascinating field.

In April of 1970 I started publishing my second regional publication aimed at local people and local activities. One of the first subscribers wrote that he was subscribing, but he figured I'd run out of things to print within the year. Now I'm in my 14th year working on Issue #156. That reader is still with me. It'll take time of course for *Messing About In Boats* to build up that sort of total, but it will, it will. I hope you'll be with us through the coming years."

Well, *Messing About in Boats* has built up a far higher total with no end in view. And we still have some of our original subscribers with us. I missed on a couple of my predictions, the 16-page format grew to 24, 32, and then 40 pages, we soon outgrew the regional New England focus, and there never were any of those August vacations.

In the December 15th issue of *MAIB*, the subject of this column was dragonflies. These delightful creatures got quite a reaction from readers, which tells you something about the admiration messabout boatmen have for this speed demon.

Steven Roberts contributed an entire column on the "Value of the Greenhead" (February 15th issue of *MAIB*) that discussed Steven's lifelong revolt of that bothersome fly, but it was actually about the fly's one redeeming value, as food for the dragonfly.

Larry Longerbeam sent the following note regarding an especially agile dragonfly.

"I had an experience with a dragonfly this July while fly fishing the Pine River near Baldwin, Michigan. I was fishing a dry fly downstream and was using a "slack" cast. A slack cast is stopped suddenly high off the water so slack line will give the fly a drag-free float. I made the cast but the fly didn't land on the water. I suspected the fly had caught on an overhead limb or even a spider web. I was surprised to discover a dragonfly had caught my lure in the air and was flying away with it! I never had such an experience, or have I ever hear of anyone who has.

"I well remember, when I was a kid growing up in northern Virginia, the "old folks" calling dragonflies "darning needles" and said they would stitch a person's ears to the side of his head. So watch out for that dragon!"

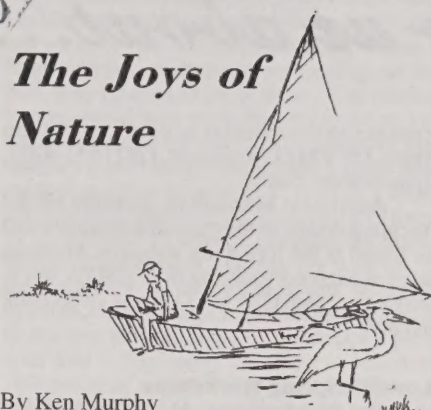
Thomas Godzicki sent me a note regarding another amazing experience.

"When I lived in Chicago a long time ago our apartment was near the North Branch of the Chicago River, which was not such a bad stream then and has gotten much cleaner since. One evening while sitting on the front steps about sundown I noticed a bat flying from street lamp to street lamp, apparently feeding on the insects which swarmed around the lights at sundown. The lamp posts were arranged all on one side of the street, about 100' apart. The bat would visit the four to five lamps on my block in turn and then swing back for run after run. He was joined by a somewhat faster bird, which appeared rather bat-like but was probably a swift.

"The swift and the bat seemed to have the same feeding pattern. They were joined by a large dragonfly, which also knew the ropes and followed the same pattern and also used the same flight path as the other two, which was something like a wave pattern, peaking out at the lamps and dipping 3'-4' in a smooth arc between. A mammal, a bird, and an insect all showing very similar behavior. I thought it striking. One of each species and no conflict."

Clarence Neher dropped a note to me concerning the military's interest in dragon-

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

Dragonfly Notes

flies.

"Read your piece in *MAIB*. I saw an article in a scientific magazine that said the Air Force is studying the dragonfly because it has a natural system in its body to offset pressures from high speed turns. Maybe they will find a way to improve the pressurized suits our pilots use."

Smiley Shields, the inventor of the Brunton MacroScope (refer to www.closetoinfinity.com) writes the following.

"I am a biologist living here in Alaska. One of my favorite pastimes is watching insects and other invertebrates through a monocular I invented that focuses from 18" to infinity. I am an avid, year round bicycle rider, and I frequently combine these two interests by riding my bike to various little swamps and ponds to look at the critters.

"Last summer I went to a favorite pond to watch the dragonfly larvae hunt through the filamentous algae that grows there. It was a warm evening (for Alaska) and the air was alive with dragonflies and swallows. I was standing there just kind of taking it all in when I saw a dragonfly and a swallow have a head on collision about 20'-30' in front of me. The dragonfly disintegrated while the swallow kind of staggered a bit (if such a thing is possible in the air), gained a bit of altitude and went about its business. The collision was very audible with the type of brief "crunch" sound one might expect, at least anyone who has stepped on a dead dragonfly. I presume they were after the same flying insect and were so intent upon it they didn't see one another."

Please send your contributions to this column to kgmurphy@comcast.net

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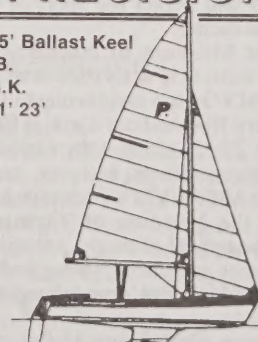
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Activities & Events...

2004 Museum of Yachting Model Yacht Activities

In collaboration with the Museum of Yachting (MoY) in Newport, RI, the American Model Yachting Association (AMYA) and US Vintage Model Yacht Group (VMYG) are creating a six-month series of model yachting events for the Museum's 2004 season from May 15 to October 31, 2004. This effort will integrate AMYA radio controlled (R/C) racing with specific outreach opportunities and feature a formal exhibit, "World of Model Yachts," to provide a chronological and educational baseline through modern and vintage models, objects, plans, and graphics. With over 50 models anticipated, this will be the largest organized exhibit in the world ever devoted to the sport of model yachting and its historical influence on full scale yachting.

Events scheduled are the following:

May 22-23: "Model Yachting for Youths" mentoring event with CR-914s on Ft. Adams State Park opening weekend.

September 4, Labor Day weekend: J & EC 12M Invitational Race as part of MoY 25th Annual Classic Yacht Regatta.

October 9-10, Columbus Day weekend: J & EC 12M Regional Championships.

Scratch built J Class models average 9' in length and 80 lbs. EC 12M models are available in shorts kits and ready to sail at 56" long and 27 lbs. These designs are based on America's Cup yachts from the 1930s to 1980s and will highlight the sport of model yachting in the context of renowned full scale sailing designs.

CR 914 Class models are 36" kit built models having a 1990s America's Cup heritage and will support a season long R/C sail mentoring program for youths and adults. AMYA Marblehead (M) Class 50" developmental racing models will capture a 75-year perspective of yachting design technology with an evolutionary cross section of M designs exhibited. There will be motorized models displayed for a historical snapshot on vintage model powerboats as representative of other types of model yachts. These 1900s to 1960s era wooden gas/steam powered model speedboats designs average 40" in length and will depict the sport of tethered model boat racing.

Other Museum of Yachting Model Yachting outreach activities will include AMYA/VMYG team involvement in the 30th Anniversary *Wooden Boat Show* at Ft. Adams from July 23-25, along with various onsite model demonstrations, lectures, and workshops. The AMYA/VMYG team vision working with the Museum of Yachting is to broaden the appeal of model yachting by interacting with audiences, young and old, not usually found at today's model yachting venues.

Museum of Yachting Model Yacht Information:

For Museum information call (401) 847-1018. 2004 Model Yachting leads are Pete Maxson, Region 1 Director, (585) 637-3603,

<pmaxson@rochester.rr.com> and John Snow, US VMYG President, (781) 631-4203, <jsnow@drc.com>

Additional Museum of Yachting Model Yachting details as they become available will be found at the following websites: Museum www.museumofyachting.org; AMYA www.amya.org; and USVMYG www.swcp.com/usvmYG.

Lowell's Spring Workshops

The Newburyport (MA) Maritime Society is offering a series of workshops this spring at its Lowell's Boatshop site in nearby Amesbury. Building a Merrimack skiff runs March 29-April 10. This boat was first built at Lowell's in the 1920s. The finished boat will be raffled off to a participant for cost of materials.

A one-day workshop on surveying takes place on April 17, another day on steam bending wood is scheduled for May 1, and two consecutive weekends, May 15-16 and 22-23, will cover lofting.

For full details call (978) 388-0162 or email <wwest@themaritimesociety.org>

Newburyport Maritime Society, Newburyport, MA

14th Annual Madisonville Wooden Boat Festival

For the past 14 years the Wooden Boat Festival has been the only fundraiser necessary to provide operating funds for the Lake Ponchartrain Basin Maritime Museum. If for no other reason, that should be enough to call the event a success. The Museum has about 14,000 square feet of well maintained history of the area. Most of this history is centered around the water and the boats that made the history. They also have a fair collection of antique outboards. All this in a town of less than 900 citizens.

This festival does a good job of showing off the culture of the area, not only the boats but the food and art as well. Over 30 food booths served up Louisiana cuisine, Italian cuisine, Asian food, and the ever present southern BuBba Q. The beverage industry was well represented as well. This included a large sponsorship by the Budweiser/Bud Light distributor. It is almost worth the trip just to sample the Abita beer, which is brewed in nearby Abita Springs.

With almost 100 wooden boats in attendance, I believe this to be the largest wooden boat festival in the south. Of particular interest to me was the steamboat on a trailer. The hull was started by a traditional boatbuilder in Rose, LA, and finished by the owner/builder. It was one of only 16 boats in attendance at the National Steamboat gathering.

There were kayaks, canoes, pirogues, and the builders of these craft. In all fairness, some of these were wood core with epoxy, and fiberglass. I got second place in the oar skiff division with a kayak built in this fashion.

We here at Texas Excursions in Corpus Christi think the ten hours on the road was time well spent. There is no other gathering

like it anywhere near here. We are building a 15'6" double sailing canoe to a Mac McCarthy design and hope to show it at Madisonville this October. We look forward to seeing you all there.

Bob and Vicki Harraghy, Corpus Christi, TX

East River C.R.E.W. Summer Rowing

East River C.R.E.W. has received permission from the New York City Parks Dept. to set up a 40' container on the East River at 94th St. in Manhattan. The Saint Davids boat pictured will move in for the summer's Thursday evening rowing. We rowed 10.5 miles to take this picture just offshore of the 94th St. site. That's the Triborough Bridge in the background.

Mary Nell Hawk, New York, NY



Information of Interest...

About Crocodiles and Malaysian Fishing Boats

Further to the recent report of crocodiles attacking an inflatable in Africa, let me add the following. When I was in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, there was an article in the newspaper about a major undertaking by Army sharpshooters, Muslim priests, and tribal witch doctors to locate and kill a man-eating crocodile. The priests and the witch doctors were to use their magic to get the crocodile to come to the surface so that the Army sharpshooters could then use their technology to kill him.

This crocodile apparently had discovered that the hard shelled "thing" floating on the water's surface (the fisherman's boat) contained something very edible. By hitting the boat with his tail he could overturn it and his food was there, in the water waiting to be eaten. This particular crocodile was so successful with his hunting technique that he had killed a number of fishermen, such that it became a high priority item for local and national authorities to find and destroy him before he ate more fishermen.

In Southeast Asia, it's not tigers that are the big concern, it's crocodiles that are the mankillers. Waters are very muddy from the

daily torrential rains (every afternoon about 2pm) and the resultant runoff. Women are knee deep in the water at the riverbank washing clothes. Children are playing in the water, too. The crocodile slowly approaches, and with one lash of his tail knocks the unsuspecting person/child off their feet and the crocodile has another meal.

On another topic, in Malaysia the fishermen had motor drive systems I had never seen before, automobile motors held in larger versions of oarlocks mounted at the center of the transom. The prop shaft extended straight aft from the motor into the water. The front of the motor had a handlebar for steering. The motor was balanced so that when shut off, it was nose heavy; i.e., the propeller was out of the water.

In use, the operator grabbed the handlebar, lowered the propeller in the water, fired up his engine, and he now had drive and steering. By moving right and left he could steer the boat (no rudder), and while on the fishing grounds his propeller was in the air and out of the way of nets or other fishing gear. I never saw them using reverse so I can't answer the question of how do you go backwards with such an arrangement. The fishing boats using this arrangement were probably about 20' long. An ingenious technical solution for cheap and efficient propulsion.

Connie Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

About Those Chinese Destroyers

The seven Yang Class destroyers Hugh Ware reports in his "Beyond the Horizon" as being scrapped by the Taiwanese Navy are not former Fletcher Class US destroyers but Gearing Class, slightly larger versions of the Sumner Class 2200 tonners. Taiwan's Fletcher Class ships were scrapped in 1999.

The last Fletcher in commission was the former *John Rodgers* (DD574) as *Cuitlahuac* in the Mexican Navy. She was scrapped in 2001. The *Rodgers* was flagship of Destroyer Squadron 25, which she led on the deepest penetration of Japanese waters by surface ships in WWII. The action report was titled "anti shipping sweep of Suruga Wan Honshu and bombardment of Shimizu town Honshu, 30-31 July 1945, during pre-invasion softening of Japanese home islands." Suruga Wan is the bay on the western side of Mount Fuji and Sagami Wan, Tokyo Bay is on the eastern side of Fuji. We had the operation plan for the invasion plan on board. Fortunately, we did not have the execute it, for the atom bombs saved millions of US and Japanese lives, as per Paul Fussell's magnificently eloquent essay, "Thank God For the Atom Bomb."

Shimizu is about 30 miles inside the headlands of the bay. I was an ensign and CIC officer of the *Rodgers*, navigating by radar for the squadron and providing ranges and bearings of our assigned target to the gunnery officer, "Trigger" Hall, in main plot.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Ducks in a Row

In the January 15 issue, Chris Kaiser suggested in her "Windows on the Water" column that the phrase "getting your ducks in a row" is related to draftsmen's ducks or the weights used to hold plans and battens in place. She could be right, but there is another explanation of the phrase which may be of interest to your readers.

In the late 1800s market hunters killed large numbers of ducks to supply restaurants. On Chesapeake Bay the technique was to put out a line or row of bait in the water. When a large number of ducks were feeding on the bait, they formed a row of ducks. The market hunter would then work his way to the end of the line (getting the ducks in enfilade for you military types) using paddles and a small boat mounting either a "punt gun" (sort of a small cannon) or a "battery gun" (consisting of three to seven barrels), whistle (causing the ducks to raise their heads), and fire his weapon. If the hunter was successful in getting his ducks in a row, the discharge would travel the length of the row and kill most of the ducks. I have read that it was fairly common to kill over 100 ducks at a time using this technique. If the hunter fired before lining up with the ducks, he would shoot through the line or row and kill a much smaller number of ducks. They were not sportsmen in those days!

Many years ago I tried to train a Labrador Retriever for field trial work. We were only modestly successful and accumulated a number of "nice try" awards which consisted of painted metal ducks about 2-1/2" to 3" long. I use these as paperweights to hold plans and charts flat. So perhaps Chris has it right after all, at least in my case!

John Trussell, Hopkins, SC

From Russia With Love

Got a card recently from a guy in Russia who wants info on a steamboat. Guess I'm part of the global economy. Couple of interesting stamps of nautical motif got it to me.

Jim Thayer, Grand Mesa Boatworks, Collbran, CO



Information Wanted...

Has Anyone Built from Chapelle's Books?

I'd be interested in hearing from anyone who has built a boat following a plan from Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. I know some designers like Roger Crawford, Reuel Parker, and Jim Michalak have plans or production boats based on Chapelle plans from this great sourcebook. I'd like to hear

more. I'm thinking of writing up an essay on how "influential" this book has been over the last 50 years.

Pictures would be nice but aren't required. Contact me by email or letter. Pass the word around to your friends.

Craig O'Donnell, Box 232, Betterton, MD 21610, <dadadata@friend.ly.net>

What About Copper?

I noted in a past issue that Sherwin Williams carries Cuprinol, and thanks for that info. My observation is that their product has no copper naphthenate. By the absence of the copper, am I to conclude that SW has found their product can do perfectly well without it, or has Big Brother stamped use of copper out?

For my wood preservative both above and below water I have been using Jasco Chemicals' Termin 8 with 25% copper. Its only problem is that it has to be very dry before covering paint coats are laid as it bleeds through easily otherwise. Have you run across this situation before so you would be able to state that one is as good as the other, or is there some law of which I'm not aware?

I had to put away my building molds for a Charles Mower dingy, Peanut, some while back. It looks like current projects will be finished by October and I will set up the molds for clinker planking.

I use a rowing dinghy for fishing among offshore rocks and beaches on my West Coast vacations.

Will D. Sinclair, 500 E. Rutledge St., Yates Center, KS 66783, (620) 625-2559.

Editor Comments: I don't know the status of copper use in bottom paint today, but I do know it works by gradually dissolving into the adjacent salt water creating a poisonous layer against marine organisms, so painting over it would seem to be not the thing to do.

Whalewatcher Interest

I'd like to get in touch with one or both guys who called me from Alaska a few years ago about the Whalewatcher which I was building. They were coming through Richmond on the way to a conference and stopped to see it. One had built some Bolger boats such as the Sneakeasy. One later called to tell me he was moving to Connecticut. Maybe if you could run this in the "Letter" section, they might see it and call me at (804) 323-7707. If so, please speak slowly and distinctly please.

Chuck Raynor, Richmond, VA

This Magazine...

Working for Us

I wanted to let you know that I am working for you guys and I am spreading the word. Unfortunately, as we age we encounter more and more visits to the doctor and dentist offices. I always take a few older magazines and leave them in the waiting rooms. I have been putting labels reading, "Patient/Client: Please feel free to take this publication with you. Subscription info within," on the back of the book and leaving them to be enjoyed and hopefully adding to your subscriber list.

Ray Young, Satellite Beach, FL

Someone who becomes seriously interested in boating soon discovers that it has a language all its own. While it sounds like English, it is a special kind of English, what I call "King Neptune's English." There are thousands of words in this language that have a meaning only to a boater or a special meaning when applied to boats. Most landlubbers, and some boaters, think this is a little silly.

For instance, a boat doesn't have a "kitchen," it has a "galley." When you are standing in the galley, what is above you is not the "ceiling," it is the "overhead." The "ceiling," if you have one, is along the sides of the hull (except in a fiberglass boat where it is a "liner"). What you are standing on is not the "floor," it is the "sole." In a wooden boat, the "floors" are under the sole, similar to the joists in your house.

Most people know what "joists" are, although that is actually a technical term. Floors in a boat are in the same position but serve a different function. I don't know why that name was chosen but "floor," like so many words in English, has several meanings.

In every human endeavor there are technical terms. If you are the least bit involved with computers you need to know your "bits" from your "bytes." An auto mechanic needs to know the difference between a "generator" and an "alternator." A "tube" means something different to an artilleryman than to a highway engineer.

Many of the words in nautical English are purely technical terms and have no dry land equivalent. These are words that refer to specific parts of boats (like "gunwale") or specific boating activities (like "gybe"). Then there is that large group of words that have one meaning on land and a different meaning on the water (such as "reach" or "tack"). It works both ways, many words that originally were nautical terms have been picked up by landsmen (i.e., an "anchor" is now a person who holds down a news broadcast).

So why should anyone be concerned with this? For one thing, when you get involved with boats, you will find yourself surrounded by it. As with any other specialized field, to understand other boat people or make yourself understood, you will need to learn the language. When something needs to be done quickly you can't say, "Quick, release that rope over there. No, not that one, the other...LOOK OUT!"

There is also the matter of acceptance, using the wrong word quickly marks you as a landlubber. If you want to be accepted you need to talk the talk. But there is more than just acceptance or efficiency involved. Most nautical terms have long and interesting histories. Knowing the words and their histories connects you with a long line of seafarers. For example:

The word "starboard" comes from the Old Norse "stýrbord." That word referred to exactly what it sounds like, the board for steering a boat, the rudder. Old Viking ships with their high, curved sternposts hung the rudder on the side very near the stern. The rudder was always placed on the right-hand side of the boat. Thus the side of the boat that had the rudder was the "stýrbord" side. That word has come down to modern English as "starboard."

The Vikings called the other side of the ship the "båbord" side, meaning "to the helmsman's back." This word survives to this

More on Jargon...

Speaking the King's English

By Gene Bjerke

day in the Scandinavian languages and, curiously enough, in French (bâbord) and Spanish (babor). The English adopted it as "larboard." Unfortunately, "starboard" and "larboard" sound enough alike to cause confusion at times, so something different was called for. The solution was to substitute the word "port" for "larboard."

It has been suggested that since the right-hand side of the boat carried the vulnerable rudder, such a boat would always lie with her left-hand side against the quay. That would make the left-hand side the "port" side. That is a very neat and logical explanation. Unfortunately there are several things wrong with it. The main problem is that Viking ships probably rarely lay to a quay. In fact, it is unlikely that there were very many quays to lie to.

Viking ships were designed to be run up on a beach or anchored off. In fact, there were delicate appendages outside the rail on both sides of the ship, things like shield racks or cleats. These could be easily damaged by tying the boat alongside any hard object on either side. One of the parts that was least likely to be damaged in such a case would have been the rudder, since being near the stern it was almost on the centerline of those very broad vessels. So where the word "port" came from is a mystery.

It is indicative of the conservative nature of seamen that it took about 200 years for "port" to supplant "larboard." The earliest reference of the word is from the second quarter of the 17th century. The term "larboard" didn't die out from common usage until about the middle of the 19th century. Apparently the two words were used simultaneously during most of that time, though according to R.H. Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast* (1835), "port" was generally reserved for use at the helm. So if someone is confused about the terms today, they should be thankful they weren't living 200 years ago when they would have had to sort out three different terms that refer to two different things. Does that make you feel better?

In another example, we measure distances in miles. But distances on land are measured in statute miles while distances on the water are measured in nautical miles, which are 15% longer. (That is, except for the Intracoastal Waterway and our river systems. There the Corps of Engineers, not a group noted for its maritime traditions, measures distances in statute miles.) Why this difference? Is it because boaters have some need to be different? The answer, again, lies in history.

What is a mile? The word comes from the Latin "mile passus," or thousand paces. When Caesar wanted to tell how far his men marched in a day, he gave the figure in "mile

passus." A "pace" (as opposed to a "step") is the distance from where the heel of one foot strikes the ground to where the heel of the same foot next strikes the ground when walking (i.e., two steps). When the English mile was standardized it was set at 5,280'. There was nothing special about that number, it was just the distance an average Englishman would walk in a thousand paces. But most people can't walk on water, so a different system is required for measuring distances at sea.

For as long as we have known that we are living on a globe (at least since the ancient Greeks) navigators have used spherical trigonometry to measure distances and positions at sea. They agreed to call one minute of arc on the earth's surface one mile. This turns out to be approximately 6,076'. Thus the origin of the nautical mile and its difference from that other mile.

It is natural, then, to refer to speed in terms of nautical miles per hour. We call this unit a "knot." This is not because "knot" is some kind of abbreviation for "nautical miles," it refers to the way speed was once measured. For several hundred years speed through the water was measured with a device called a chip log.

The chip itself was a flat piece of wood weighted at one end to make it float vertically in the water and just wash. It was attached to a long line wound on a reel. The other piece of required equipment was a sand glass. Beginning some distance back from the chip, the line had a series of knots. The distance between the knots bore the same relationship to a nautical mile that the time measured by the glass (typically 30 seconds) bore to an hour.

In use, the chip was tossed off the stern of the ship (hence the expression "heave the log"). The chip was rigged to act as a sea anchor and basically maintained its position in the water while the line ran out as the ship sailed away from it. When the first knot went over the rail, the glass was turned. One then counted the subsequent knots as they passed over the rail until the glass ran out. This would equal the ship's speed in nautical miles per hour. Thus the expression developed that the ship was making so many "knots," or nautical miles per hour. Today we measure speed with electronic devices, but the answer is still given in terms of knots in a rope running out over the rail of a ship.

Nautical vocabulary is a cosmopolitan thing. Crews came from many lands and brought useful words with them. We've already learned where "starboard" came from, for another example, the word "avast," meaning to stop hauling and hold what you have, comes from the Dutch "hou vast" or "hold fast." The result in terms of English is a rich stew of words from many languages that enable one to express needs and ideas quickly and precisely.

I will be the first to admit that there is a certain amount of romance in this language. Over the millennia people from many countries have followed the sea. Learning to speak King Neptune's English connects you with a long line of seafarers that goes back to before human memory. To know and understand the language makes you part of this ancient stream. You find yourself living with the friendly ghosts of the countless seafarers that went before you.

Here it is the second day of the last month of the year, and we have a liberal dusting of snow. Yesterday was a perfect late fall day, 52 degrees and calm, a perfect day to finish wrapping the dory. Getting a late start due to earlier commitments, I returned to the task of attaching plastic sheeting to the plastic pipe greenhouse frame arched over the dory's beamy figure.

As I finished connecting the last longitudinal pipes to complete the weather shedding roof, the clouds rolled in dark and cold. Temperatures dropped 20 degrees in as many minutes and a stinging wind gusted around, snapping and growling like an angry terrier. The captain was engaged elsewhere, so the extra pair of hands were conspicuous by their absence.

Having measured and unfurled the 10'x20' sheet, I was faced with the problem of attaching the cover to the clever skeleton I had finally completed. While it might not be pretty, the old roll of duct tape would surely do the job of holding the skin to frame as I alternated sides and worked my way down the length of the boat to tie the aft end to the rudder gudgeon! I gathered the middle edge of the bow end sheeting into a rosette and secured it to the bronze mooring eye. As I smoothed the skittering plastic down the boat and attempted to do the same at the aft end, the wind picked up with a wicked sense of humor, ripping the membrane out of my hands and flapping it in my face.

As I was growing colder and more frustrated, I made a grab for it as it floated just out of reach. I got my hands on the two corners as it made another pass at my head, and was priding myself on nimbleness when Mother Nature decided I might enjoy a quick excursion with a homemade parasail. The wind gusted with such ferocious strength that I felt in real danger of leaving the ground. I conceded that battle to forces greater than mine and waited for a break in the gusts to continue.

Each time I came into the house to warm frozen digits, the wind would settle to a gentle breeze. As a chronicler of life on the coast, I am often caught out anthropomorphizing the participants acting on the watery stage out front. It's easy to see a human smile on a crafty crow or to identify with the temper tantrums of gulls fighting over a run of baitfish, this wind was getting into my head and becoming an identifiable opponent with very human traits.

I returned from rewarming my hands and pulling the snug ski hat down over my ears. This time I sensed a lull and worked feverishly to secure at least a few points so I could eventually make the envelope complete. The reason the wind quit plaguing me soon became evident. What the wind couldn't do, the cold had accomplished. Duct tape won't stick at low temperatures. Every place I attempted to stick the edge of plastic to a pipe the tape would go hard and slick, having no adhesion at all. Near tears of frustration,

I retreated to the cellar to rummage in a box of miscellaneous winterizing relics. My cellar might rival the Editor's back shed for all the potentially useful items stored there. I did find what I needed, but it was only one roll of Frost King clear plastic tape, "good to ten degrees." How to secure 32' or more with a roll of only 25' feet was going to be a challenge.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Cover your Boat Part 2

Back at boat-side, I hastily applied the tape at what I felt were the strategic stress points. I managed to get to the aft section and was tying the gathered edges into a rosette like the one at the bow when the wind woke up and howled with the wrath of a spoiled child denied a favorite toy. I am not kidding when I say the temperature dropped another five degrees in a minute. I was on my knees in the puddle of bilge water I had earlier dumped without a thought of where I might be kneeling to fasten the aft end covering. The much needed second pair of hands still had not returned. If I let go of the tail ends now I just knew the wind would peel the whole structure open like a banana. My fingers were icicles, unable to tie the string around the gathered material.

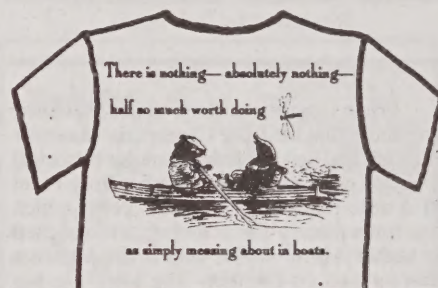
Like a scene from some English gothic film, there I knelt, holding on for, if not dear life, certainly for the painful investment of time and materials expended the past hour. The wind had one last trick up its sleeve before abandoning me to the gathering darkness. With a flourish of spitefulness, it ripped the neatly folded 10'x5' remnant out from under a lawn chair. Treating the piece like one of Isadora Duncan's scarves, the wind tossed it skyward and blew it down the lawn toward

the street and unsuspecting vehicles. Just as I was ready to release my death grip on the dory's shroud, the errant streamer became lodged in the junipers. Forcing numb fingers to repeat long honed skills and follow brain patterns of tying my shoes, I was able to secure the aft end materials in a workable if not elegant manner.

I stumbled down the lawn to retrieve the runaway plastic and had to wrestle it into submission as I dragged it behind me into the house, where it and my hands could warm up enough to function and fold it neatly so it could go down cellar into the box of plastic bits and pieces.

Finally warm again, I went out into the near dark to triple check the fastenings. A few reinforcing staples into thin battens behind the pipe legs using the stiff but tear resistant duct tape was the best I could manage before I lost sight of, as well as feeling in, my hands.

Today dawned thick with clouds, the pearly light sifting down with the last bits of granular snow, illuminating a clear greenhouse-like structure securely protecting the dory from the ravages of this first winter storm. I'll put the second layer on today, a woven tarp, tied down to tent pegs in the not yet frozen ground. Not to sound cocksure, but as far as the winterizing of the vessels, I think I've got it covered.



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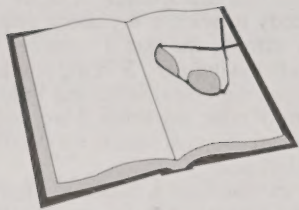
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Book Reviews

Lake Champlain's Sailing Canal Boats An Illustrated Journey From Burlington Bay to the Hudson River

By Arthur B. Cohn
ISBN0-9641856-2-8

Paperback 8-1/2"x11" Horizontal Format
190 pages profusely illustrated with period
paintings, drawings and photographs, in
both color and black and white
The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum,
4472 Basin Harbor Rd.,
Vergennes, VT 05491
(802) 475-2022, www.lcmm.org
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

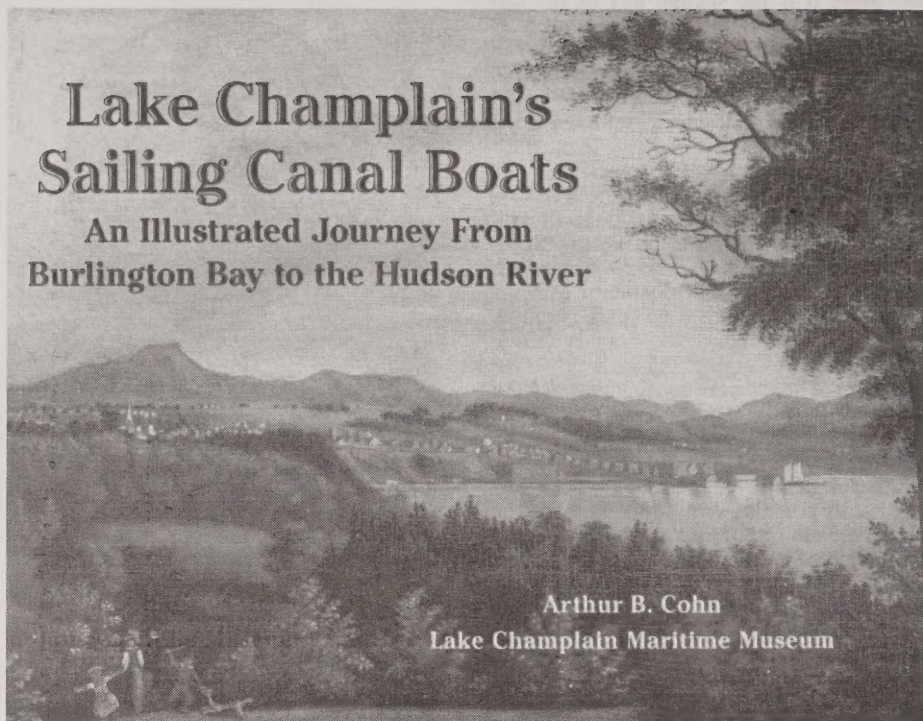
When I learned in early winter from their newsletter that the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum had just published a major historical book on Lake Champlain's long history I sent off a note requesting a review copy, which was immediately forthcoming, even signed by author Arthur Cohn, who is the Museum director and co-founder. The Museum has been slowly growing since its inception in 1988, intended to be the repository for the Lake's 400 years' presence in American maritime history, and we have attended several of their bygone launchings and boatbuilder shows. It is a small and attractive specialized maritime museum not yet (hopefully never) racing off beyond its scope.

This museum has a unique collection of original historic vessels dating back to Revolutionary War days. The vessels are still on the bottom of the shallow lake, well preserved in the clear icy waters. This is where author Art Cohn came in, he is also a professional SCUBA diver, and his efforts investigating and recording the wrecks on the bottom of the lake form the unique foundation for the Museum. Art and his divers have made enormous progress identifying and recording/photographing many sunken vessels.

Earliest investigations were of vessels sunk in naval battles of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, and the Museum's first "replica" was of a gunboat of that era, which is today's main waterfront attraction at the Museum. But the new book focuses on sailing canal boats, waterborne movers of bustling commerce up and down the lake and on to the Hudson River when the Champlain Canal was opened in the 1820s. The book faithfully chronicles the historic periods of the rise and fall of commerce on this busy waterway, which first opened up northwestern Vermont to easy access to Albany, New York, and Boston via water.

Lake Champlain's Sailing Canal Boats

An Illustrated Journey From
Burlington Bay to the Hudson River



Arthur B. Cohn
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum

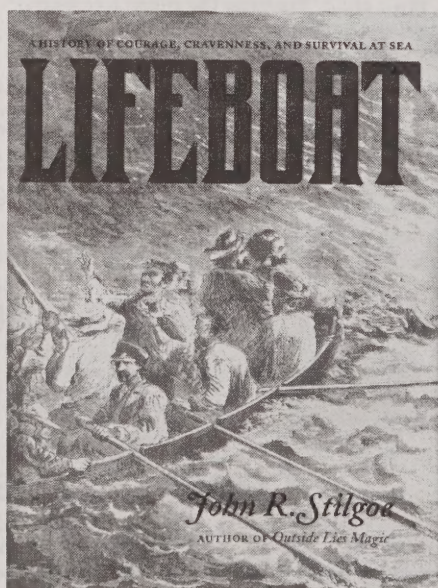
The Museum's ongoing building project, the *Lois McClure*, forms the focus of the book, but you don't get to it until page 100, the fourth and final section. By then you really understand how these homely barges were so vital for so long. Their uniqueness was in being rigged to sail from anywhere on the open lake to the canal, where they'd drop the rig and go through the canal under tow by mules like any ordinary canal barge. This meant a single loading of goods with no need to transfer them from a lake cargo sloop or schooner for the canal portion of the delivery.

The *Lois McClure* will be launched this summer and make her first grand tour of the lake, with a trip to New York City down the canal and Hudson River planned for 2005. She has been under construction on the Burlington waterfront for the past two years.

The author has caught the reality of the history of Lake Champlain, it was a history

of business, of economic expansion. His history focuses on this and the choice of the signature vessel illustrates this. While history often focuses on politics (including warfare) and sometimes culture, business is what built America. President Coolidge summed it up in the 1920s with his aphorism that, "The business of America is business." Much denigrated by the proponents of the influence of politics and culture on history, it is the truth. We're still in the forefront in the world of doing business.

Lake Champlain's Sailing Canal Boats captures a tiny segment of this pursuit of profit. You don't need to live near, nor be an enthusiast for, Lake Champlain to learn much from this book about how this country was built. And it is so easy, too, short narrative sections, images everywhere. A book that looks great on your coffee table but fits even better in your lap being read.



Lifeboat

By John Stilgoe
University of Virginia Press
ISBN 0-8139-2221-6
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

John Stilgoe is identified as living on the coast of Massachusetts where he sails a ship's lifeboat from Newfoundland, built in 1935. But this is not just John's tale about how he salvaged and restored and enjoys using his lifeboat. John Stilgoe is also Professor in the History of Landscape at Harvard and author of several books in his field, including one we reviewed a few years ago, *Alongshore*.

Lifeboat starts off with John's crawling out of his own lifeboat in his backyard shed where he was wrestling with keel bolts as a winter storm closes in on the Massachusetts coast. It concludes with he and his wife sailing it on Massachusetts Bay, occasioning

much curiosity amongst other boaters out on the water. In between these two slices of his own personal lifeboat experience is the meat of John's book, all about the lifeboat as a unique form of small craft over a long historical period.

As a historian John introduces us to the cultural and social impacts on us that the lifeboat has had, and still has. He also provides the history of lifeboats in various major sea disasters and how they functioned. He describes for us the British Board of Trade lifeboat, the world standard for the type, and why it has always been so. We learn about various alternative lifeboat designs and why they failed.

The major characteristic of the lifeboat is that it is viewed as a harbinger of disaster, and as such has long been a subject of studious disinterest to most who might have to resort to one, they'd rather not be reminded of why it is there. A second major aspect of the lifeboat is that it crossed over from the age of sail when ships crews knew how to handle small craft under oar and sail, into steam where increasingly crews were technicians and engineers, unschooled in handling this relic of yesteryear which required seamanship to function as intended.

The great bygone disasters under sail which often resulted in journeys of thousands of miles to safety in lifeboats were succeeded by those afflicting the early era of the giant ocean liners where a whole new set of conditions set in. The crews were untrained in sea-

manship, even in how to launch the lifeboats. The passengers were cosseted in giant floating hotels, and when suddenly confronted with the hotel going to the bottom of the sea and having to flee from the comfort and implied security of the great steamer into tiny wooden vessels open to the ocean with but oars and sails for propulsion, were crushed in spirit and morale.

The two World Wars, with all the sinkings from submarines and surface raiders, created a giant human experience of being abandoned by modern technology to archaic rescue devices. That the best rescue device was still the wooden lifeboat simply boggled people. But steel lifeboats were found to turn into frying pans when launched into flaming oil, while wood would singe and char but get away. Motorized lifeboats often were unreliable and their engines and fuel tanks took up much precious space that survivors might need.

The Board of Trade lifeboat could take care of itself afloat, whether or not it carried its passengers to safety later over long desperate cruises or shorter periods prior to rescue vessels arriving, depended upon the crews' skills. The lifeboat could be sailed and rowed to wherever the crew wished it to go, weathering storms at sea if need be. Rafts and some high flotation boxlike creations went where the wind and waves took them.

Once safely afloat, the lifeboat became a world of its own and primal animal urges overtook many aboard them causing much

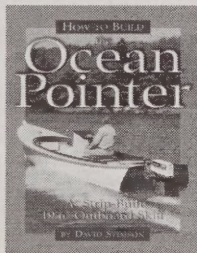
grief for all and often ending up on long, difficult cruises with cannibalism. Stilgoe goes into the collapse of human social customs when confronted with survival in some detail with many examples from long ago as well as recently. Women and children first, the romanticized attitude aspired to in a sinking, was seldom a reality, more often than not it was crew first.

This 325-page hardcover book is a wonderful read, not just for its subject but because the author is so much a master of the use of our language and grabs your attention right at the start and doesn't let go, something I guess he has perfected with his lectures at Harvard. Any of you who read *Alongshore* will know what I mean. And if you haven't read *Alongshore*, you should, you may recognize yourself on its pages.

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Entrance to Newport News Mariners Museum

Newport News Mariners Museum Revisited

By Peter C. Gray

It had been ten years since my last visit to the Mariners Museum in Newport News, Virginia. There were two exciting changes of interest to small craft enthusiasts. One is a completely revised International Small Craft Center. Now in a new climate controlled building, the various craft are arranged in the following categories: Culture, Materials, Sustenance, Environment, Shape, Conveyance, Pleasure, Competition, and Experimental. From crudely built but efficient African dugout canoes and Native American bull boats made of buffalo hide to finely finished Italian gondolas and Taiwanese Tatura fishing canoes, the exhibit contains something of interest to everyone.

The second is the Boatbuilding Center. It offers an opportunity to watch master craftsman build wooden boats.

A typical visit would start at the Chesapeake Bay Gallery, which illustrates the colorful history of the bay and its workboats. From a circa 1630 dugout canoe to 20th century runabouts, this hall includes a working steam engine from a tugboat, fishing boats, a Fresnel lens from the Cape Charles Lighthouse, and a collection of antique outboard motors.

The Age of Exploration Hall not only demonstrates the routes and lives of early explorers, but includes examples of early navigation and time keeping instruments.

The Defending the Seas gallery illustrates America's maritime commitment to various war efforts from the Revolution to modern times.

The Great Hall of Steam is filled with models, engines, and demonstrations of the transition and development of the steam engine and ships it powered.

Another room is devoted to Chris Craft runabouts.

For the modeler, there is an exquisite collection of 16 incredibly finely detailed models made by August F. Crabtree. Some of the details can most be appreciated through magnifying glasses attached to the display cases. There is also a gallery dedicated to the life of William Francis Gibbs, one of America's greatest commercial vessel designers. Among his creations are the *SS United States* and the World War II Liberty ships.

The personal highlight of my trip was the *Monitor* Conservation area. The *USS Monitor* was built by the Union forces to combat the Confederate vessel *Merrimack* during the Civil War. The two ironclad ships battled to a draw as the cannon balls bounced off both with little damage. The *Monitor* sank while being towed through heavy seas. It rested on the bottom of Chesapeake Bay until its discovery in 1987.

Recovery efforts by the U.S. Navy NOAA (National Oceanographic Atmospheric Association) and the Mariners Museum have resulted in a great number of artifacts that can be viewed. Some have been completely restored, others are in various states of completion. The gun turret, engine, and other iron parts are immersed in huge tanks containing a caustic electrolytic solution.

An electric current is constantly run through the solution which slowly removes the corrosion so that the original artifacts are revealed. Also on view are photos and films of the recovery efforts themselves. The dedication and commitment to the recovery and preservation of this ship is important to the American maritime history.

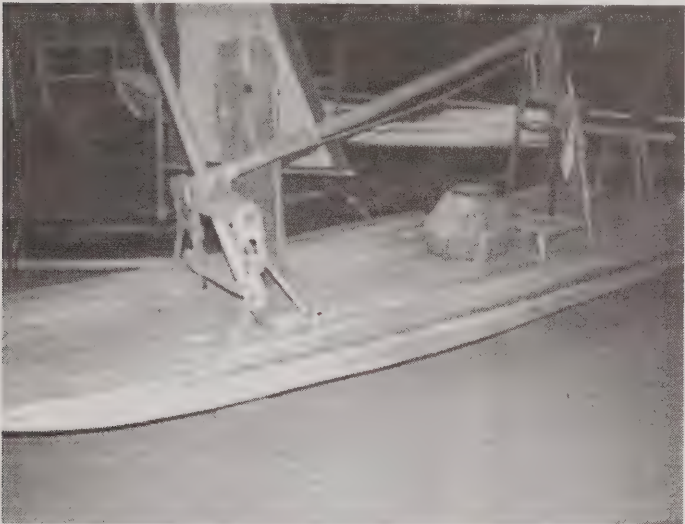
The museum is set in a 550 acre park with a five-mile walking trail around Lake Murray. Picnic areas are available and boats can be rented for fishing. Located at 100 Museum Drive, Newport News, Virginia, the Mariners Museum is open from 10 to 5 every day except Thanksgiving and Christmas. For information call (800) 581-7245 or go to their website at www.mariner.org.



Engine of the *Monitor* in tank waiting for electrolytic solution.



Swedish Tjotter.



A Jungado raft from Brazil.

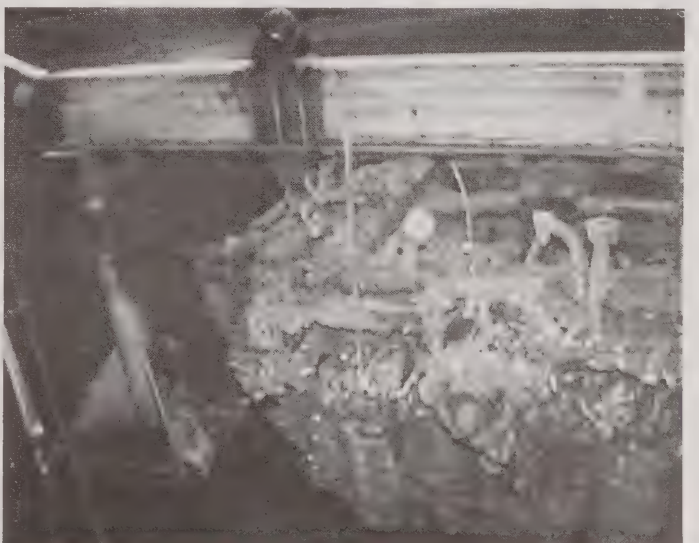


A Bullboat made in Montana.

The finely painted prow of a Portuguese weed boat.



Beautifully decorated Tataro fishing canoe from Taiwan.



Introduction – The Trip

It was an unseasonably warm September day in northern Maine as we drove to the unorganized territory of Township 6 Range 8 West of the Easterly Line of the State (T6R8 WELS) to the East Branch of the Penobscot River. We unloaded three 17' whitewater canoes with nine food coolers, three tents, sleeping gear, and one whitewater kayak. Our group was guided by a 30-year seasoned Master Maine Guide, Linwood "The Loon," his assistant and wife Betty, my long time friend, Dundee, Dundee's adult son Paul, and my two adult sons Tim and Shaun.

This was Tim's and my fifth canoe trip with The Loon. We previously had done the Allagash Wilderness Waterway twice, the Moose River Bow trip, and the Saint Croix Rivers in the four preceding years. With each trip Linwood kept enhancing and challenging our whitewater canoeing skills, and the East Branch was the most challenging whitewater we have faced to date.

A word about T6R8 WELS. I had expected to start our trip in a rural northern Maine town, and this was certainly an odd way to identify a geographical location. Northern Maine has at least 1,100 unorganized minor civil divisions. This is unorganized territory because there are no incorporated towns with local governments to represent the territory, and so the state simply identifies the location by a grid system with townships running south to north, and ranges running east to west, incrementing numerically each six miles. This is essentially a wilderness area.

The East Branch of the Penobscot River drains the region north and northeast of Maine's highest peak, majestic, mile high, "Mount Katahdin." The East Branch has also been a recipient of part of the Allagash drainage since the construction of Telos Dam in 1841.

The trip covered a total distance of 48 miles from the outlet of Grand Lake Matagamon. Webster Stream empties into Grand Lake Matagamon, an Indian name meaning "the old, exhausted lake." Hawks bred on the ledges of nearby Horse Mountain in such numbers that they depleted the population of partridges and ducks. Consequently the Indians found little or no food on their hunts here (hence the name).

The 26-mile section from Grand Lake Matagamon to Whetstone Falls demands skill and strength, but it offers incomparable scenery, particularly as the river descends along the bases of Horse, Bald, Billfish, North Traveler, The Traveler, Lunksoos, and Daisey Mountains (some soaring to over 3,000' in elevation) as it enters the cataracts of the "Grand Falls" region. The unnavigable waterfalls and rough pitches must be carried, and the whitewater between them requires proficiency in technical maneuvering as well as swift decision-making. Moreover, the four portages become burdensome, not so much because of their length as for their proximity to one another. This is a fairly difficult but splendid river. It is one of Maine's truly classic trips.

After leaving Grand Lake Matagamon, the river follows a sinuous course through "the Oxbow" and into "Stair Falls," a succession of shallow ledge drops ranging in height from 8" to 2' and resembling a low flight of stairs. The rapids beyond Stair Falls

East Branch of the Penobscot River

Canoeing and Kayaking Challenging and Spectacular Rapids

By Stephen L. Priest
September 11 – 15, 2003

deliver you into "Haskell Deadwater," a final breather before the river really tests your skills. Haskell Rock Pitch is the first of the four portages and the first of the four "Grand Falls of the East Branch," full of strong eddies, steep pitches, river sculpturing, and fossils.

After running the rapids below Haskell we reached the second of the "Grand Falls," the 10' drop of Pond Pitch and another portage (the shortest), we then paddled on to the third and most spectacular of the Grand Falls of the East Branch, "Grand Pitch." Grand Pitch itself is one of Maine's rare "Horseshoe" falls, some 30' in height. Because of the awesome spectacle of this natural wonder (and having portaged three times), we camped at this spiritual site. I use the word "spiritual" because of an incident Linwood experienced while he camped here many years ago.

As Linwood tells it, "I awoke about 5:00 AM as dawn was just breaking. After getting the early morning fire going, I walked down to the quiet, mist shrouded pool at the base of Grand Pitch to fetch water for the breakfast coffee. After filling my pot, and not hearing a sound, I stood up and there, in the morning mist, standing in the middle of this quiet pool at the base of the falls, sat an Indian, bareback, astride his silver and gray colored horse. We stared at each other for a moment. I waved a sign. Not speaking a word, he nodded, raised his hand in return, whirled his mount, and walked out of the pool, up over the bank, and into one of the most cherished memories I have had in all of the my years spent guiding on the wilderness rivers of Maine."

Shortly after wetting our paddles the next day we reached the fourth portage, the "Grand Fall" of the East Branch. A place called "The Hulling Machine," so named in log driving days because it removed bark from the logs being driven down the river. It's easy to see how it might have ripped the bark from a log. What's hard to imagine is that there was anything left of a log after it was tossed like a matchstick through this frothing, violent falls. This is the last and also the longest portage of the four Grand Falls of the East Branch, a portage effort broken up by a cool refreshing swim and our lunch stop for the day.

The next Class III drop, "Bowline Falls," did not overwhelm us since we had successfully negotiated the rapids upstream in the preceding days (there is a remote sporting lodge here and is probably where the Indian came from that Linwood saw in the mist of the early morning). The next 15 miles is mostly quickwater and smooth water with the chance to spot moose, eagles, beaver, and other wildlife.

Then came "Whetstone Falls," which consists of two sets of rapids separated by fastwater. The upper section, Class III, can be run by experienced canoeists. The second half is easier. Even if you get wet here, it was our campsite for the night, affording an opportunity to get dry and comfy again.

The next day, a 14-mile paddle, our last day on the East Branch, ended at a spot called "Grindstone Falls," so called because of their sharp rock ledges. We ended the trip here because of the unusually low water conditions. Linwood had previously looked at the United States Geological Survey (USGS) web site for Maine river water flows and found the water flow was 380 cubic feet per second (cfs), which is about half what Linwood recommended to run the Grindstone Falls gorge.

Solo in a 17' Canoe

At our third night's campsite I had the opportunity to solo in a 17' canoe through Class III rapids and did it twice. On my first attempt I misread the water flow and got hung up on rocks. I teetered on what appeared to be a huge rock underneath me. White water was spraying, foaming, and churning all around me, and there I sat not moving in the middle of the river. It took me a few moments to figure out how to extricate myself from what appeared an unmovable position. I hesitantly exited the canoe by balancing myself with both hands on the gunwales, gingerly reaching one foot outside the canoe searching for solid rock whence my canoe was sitting, and slowly shifting my weight outside the canoe.

Once assured of outside footing, I pushed the canoe forward until I felt it was ready to release. I jumped back into the canoe, did one "hump" stroke, and off the rocks I slid. Later, Linwood said, "You should have moved to the front of the canoe, thereby relieving the weight from the back, and you would have tipped forward and been released from the rocks."

I replied, "My concern with that would have been what would happen once I released. With rocks ahead of me, I was concerned with not being able to guide my canoe correctly and then straighten it out before I hit the "vee" of the next drop, which was only 10' or so to my immediate right." My solution worked, and I was able to maneuver the canoe properly and then straighten it out before hitting the downstream "vee." However, you can bet that next time I am in that situation I will remember Linwood's words, "change positions and you change where the point of balance is."

Dundee grabbed a canoe and he soloed ahead of me. Dundee is an experienced canoeist and he was having a grand old time playing with the water and eddying out behind rocks. Once I was free of the rocks, I relaxed and tried imitating Dundee entering an eddy turn behind a rock. I missed it the first time and paddled backwards upstream to once again get in front of the rock. This time I was able to eddy behind the rock. Relaxing and practicing these canoe whitewater skills was indeed a fun time.

I needed to try the rapids again to confirm I could read the water. Tim, Dundee, and Linwood all gave me their opinions on how to do my second attempt. Remarkably I integrated all their advice and this time missed the rocks with a smooth traverse through the

foaming rapids. I even stopped to do an eddy and it was a great "mental high." Tim decided to try it and show us his skill level. He very adroitly soloed through the rapids. His river reading skills were confirmed.

Kayaking Through a Class III Gorge

Prior to this Penobscot experience, my kayaking experience was limited to taking a two-hour winter course in kayak rescue techniques offered in an indoor swimming pool at the Goffstown, New Hampshire YMCA. As I would joke with my friends, "I can save myself if my kayak dumps, but I do not know how to paddle."

Dundee had brought his whitewater kayak on the trip and on the morning of our second day he asked, "Who would like to use the kayak today?" I quickly volunteered. My perception with kayaking was that it was more difficult than canoeing, and the only way to learn and compare was to try it.

I put on the life vest and kayak skirt and Dundee assisted me in getting into the kayak. So far so good. The skirt was carefully wrapped around the kayak entrance and I was positioned to go. My first real kayak adventure was now beginning. Dundee's kayak was designed for whitewater, meaning its bottom was rocker shape and had no tracking keel, and it was about 10' in length. Its weight was about 20 lbs. I pushed off and paddled happily after my fellow three canoe adventurers.

My first lesson in kayaking came when I had difficulty keeping up with my friends' canoes. I would stroke one side and quickly turn more than I wanted, often ending up sideways to the direction I wanted to go. I needed to learn how to feather the stroke for this type of kayak. I promptly learned this kayak was made for quick turns, as is required in rapid whitewater. In flat water a power paddle can spin you around, as I initially proved.

Certainly kayaks are designed for different environments. A keel responds to a power stroke straight ahead and speeds up the kayak. This keel-less kayak reacted immediately to the side with either my power stroke or any breeze that came up. Thankfully Dundee and Linwood kept slowing to give me instruction and challenge me to "eddy out" to adjust to the feel of the kayak. The "eddy out" is used in this sense to mean I pass by a boulder in the river and then quickly turn back upstream, essentially hiding behind the boulder as it deflects the current and creates a small refuge of still water. The current passing by the boulder essentially keeps my kayak in place with minimal paddling. My confidence was quickly building.

The morning paddle went smoothly. I had Class I and Class II rapids available and I was beginning to get a feel for how to turn, stop, eddy out, and even go backwards.

My real kayak challenge was approaching. As canoeists, Linwood rated us Class III experienced and ready for our toughest Class III challenge to date at the Hulling Machine gorge. First, however, these rapids needed to be taken without the weight of our camping gear and we needed to portage our gear around the rapids, about a half-mile trip over rough terrain to the end of the Hulling Machine. It took four trips for each of us to get our gear to the end of the rapids.

I asked Linwood if he thought my kayaking skills were such that I might try the Hulling Machine. He said, "absolutely." I

questioned him again because as much as I enjoy trying new challenges, I certainly did not want to put myself in physical danger. Linwood assured me that between my canoe skill level and my morning "four hour course" in kayaking, I was ready to try Hulling Machine. My confidence was still shaky but the adrenaline started pumping in anticipation of a new conquest.

We had a large 15' waterfall in front of us so we portaged the canoes and kayak to a spot immediately below the falls. This portage included carrying the canoes and kayak down a 20' rock ledge and into the gorge to a spot where we could slide our transportation

quickly over ledge and gain entrance to the rapids. We would run the rapids one boat at a time, with Linwood and Betty going first. They would wait at the end of the gorge with a throw rope in case one of us got into trouble.

We needed to scout the half-mile gorge of roaring Class III+ rapids to determine which route we would take. The group lumbered to an overlook of the gorge. Much discussion ensued with Linwood providing guidance and instruction on how to read the rapids. Needless to say, there were many questions by all.

Linwood and Betty went through first. We all watched from the overlook as they very



Steve's kayak start through Hulling Machine Gorge.

Shaun and Tim conquering the Hulling Machine gorge rapids.



calmly and slowly weaved themselves through the rapids. They seemed to go so slowly and deliberately through the rapids. Their canoe expertise was a thing of beauty and they obviously were "in charge" of the river.

Next was my turn. Dundee had quite a bit of whitewater experience, and I looked to him for additional advice as to how to "conquer" these rapids. "Steve, no matter what happens, always point the kayak downstream if you get in trouble." He repeated this a dozen times and I absorbed it in my mind. I repeated it back. I was now ready.

I entered the kayak and quickly headed downstream while trying to maintain my river left position, which we spotted earlier from the overlook. I wanted to "hit" the vees while I continually repeated Dundee's words, "keep the kayak straight." My morning lessons taught me the kayak was more forgiving than a canoe when in rapids, and if I hit a rock or ledge I wanted it to be head-on rather than sideways. In that manner the kayak hopefully would slide to the side of least resistance and continue straight down river with me in an "upright" position!

I wish I could give you more insights to my feelings, but I was concentrating so much on "keeping the kayak straight" that time essentially stopped for me as I concentrated on maintaining a straight "river left" channel, and I was quickly through the half mile churning rapids and eddying safely at the end of the gorge. What a thrill!

I quickly went to shore and hurried back upstream to see my sons work their canoeing skills through the Hulling Machine. Indeed, they "conquered" the "Hulling Machine." Dundee and Paul went last. Linwood's confidence in us paid off as Dundee, Paul, Shaun, and Tim very efficiently showed their skills with uneventful runs.

Swimming Downstream in Rapids

On one of our earlier Allagash trips we swam in the rapids. We now had an opportunity to do it again on the Penobscot. After

our Hulling Machine experience we took a rest break at the end of the falls. We wanted to swim in its rapids. We counseled each other about swimming downstream in the rapids with sandals and with feet and legs forward to detect and fend off hidden rocks. This technique proved itself, as at the end of our hundred yards or so "swim" it appeared there was only a fast flowing current. Upon arrival there were many unseen rocks just below the surface. I got stuck on the first one as it was like a tabletop rock and wide. I cleared the table rock and immediately detected another rock with my feet

I was trying to see if I could touch bottom, but it was to no avail as the rocks were too plentiful and the current too swift. I had visions of getting my feet stuck between two rocks.

I was passing by the eddy out landing. The swift current would not allow me to swim and so I gently did a side paddle to the left of the stream to get out of the fast flowing river. There was another set of obvious rapids a hundred feet or so ahead and I did not want to take them swimming. Finally I began to make progress, and I eased my way left until I was close to shore and able to walk back upstream to where my other companions had made their way out of swift current.

Four Portages in One Day

The group's physical conditioning was challenged the first two days as we had to do two portages the first day and two portages the second day. The Day One portages were particularly difficult because one portage was over a mile, and it took at least three trips each to transport all the gear and the canoes and kayak. Ten minutes of paddling and then another portage of a mile followed this equivalent "two-mile portage." Whew!

Primitive Camping

Our usual sanitary camping facilities were a wooden outhouse or a seat in the middle of the woods. This was always sufficient and expected. However, our first night

of camping required us to dig a "cat hole" for our pleasure. This reminded me of my Boy Scout camping experiences many years ago.

No'see'ums

One night of camping was particularly warm. I awoke in the middle of the night itching all over. I could not see what was causing the itching, but no'se'ums surely were there, and not welcome. Sleeping was difficult that night.

Bow Stroke

In my earlier canoe trips I had rarely been in the bow. Last year on the St. Croix, Dundee was in the bow and he did some marvelous easy strokes that moved the bow of the canoe very quick and efficiently. I knew the bow draw stroke but wanted to learn the "bow rudder" stroke. Betty was using the kayak so Linwood and I partnered. Here was an opportunity for me to ask Linwood to teach me the bow rudder stroke. Essentially I reached forward and formed a wedge with the canoe and with my paddle facing front. When on the left of the bow the canoe quickly turned left. When on the right it quickly turned right. After a few mistrials I got it to work! It amazingly slows the canoe down while quickly turning the bow. I was very pleased with this stroke. In comparing it with the bow draw stroke, I found the bow rudder stroke slowed the canoe a bit while making the fairly quick turn. The draw stroke was quick but required strength and did not slow the canoe down.

My son Tim likes to power through the rapids, whereas my observation of Linwood and Betty going through rapids was that they picked their way in a very deliberate and slow manner. They were essentially in control of their canoe rather than the river controlling them.

Learning the Hard Way to Secure a Dry Bag

We had one overturned canoe and my camera got wet. The incident was not the fault of those who flipped (and hence will go nameless), but because I had put the camera in the dry bag myself. When it got wet I was the only person to blame. Guess I need to practice my dry bag routine a bit more. Having said that, this has happened before, and I sense no matter how well I fold the dry bag I suspect it will still leak. The repeated experience of getting my belongings wet just goes to show the importance of using ziplock bags, if possible, for delicate items. My clothes were in zip locked bags and remained dry, whereas my poor camera was simply laid in the bag.

Swollen Ankles and Sore Knees

On my first canoe trip to the Allagash Wilderness Waterway I had gotten swollen ankles. I firmly believe this was from Deet in the bug repellent that I used on my ankles. We took three more trips, and I did not need any repellent and my ankles were all normal size. This trip was a bit different and puzzling. The bugs were out, so in the evening I would apply a non-Deet bug repellent. On the fourth and final morning I noticed my ankles were a bit swollen. Not as bad as the Allagash trip, but they were still swollen. It took four days after the trip for my ankles to return to normal size. What caused this phenomenon is still a mystery to me.

L-R: Paul, Shaun, Steve, Tim and Dundee enjoying a rapid swim.



Another Rewarding Canoe and Camping Trek

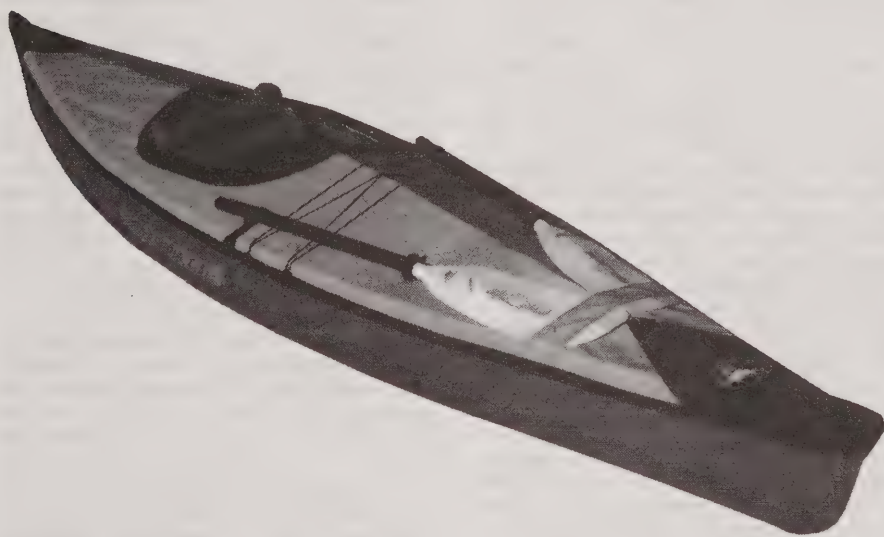
Being able to share the outdoors with family and friends is indeed a "high." The East Branch of the Penobscot River was more of a challenge than our previous canoe treks. The country we passed through was equally as beautiful and yet different than our earlier Maine expeditions. The East Branch of the Penobscot River is one of Maine's most scenic waterways. It offers semi-wilderness travel with intermittent rapids up to Class III, ledges, waterfalls, and portages, all in a region that has much less use than the Allagash and which is more accessible than the Saint John.

For next year we are planning a 77-mile canoe and kayak trip from Fifth Machias Lake to the Atlantic Ocean on Maine's Machias River.

(This is an excerpt from Steve's forthcoming book, *Short Stories of an Outdoor Enthusiast: Never Say, "I Wish I Had."* A copy of the full manuscript can be found at www.professorsteve.com or by emailing Steve at steve@professorsteve.com.)



A successful trip on the East Branch of the Penobscot River. L-R: Loon, Dundee, Paul, Tim, Betty and Shaun.



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Our new folding Puffin Kayak 12 offers excellent paddling performance in a tiny package. With a simple tubular frame and inflatable flotation elements, the Puffin achieves the efficient lines of hard-hulled kayaks yet it fits easily into a single 29" duffle bag with an optional four-piece paddle.

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pedition proven folding canoes, making Puffin very tough and dependable.

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Kolls' Australian dinghy *Fury* rigged and ready. Notice someone has to hold the shroud on the other side of the boat to keep it from rolling over.

I needed another boat like a moose needs a hat rack. I already had six other boats: *Blitzen*, my husband's Newport 30; *Precious*, my 24' pocket cruiser; a canoe; a 12' mini schooner; a 17' day sailer; and *Hot Yot*, my 8' El Toro dinghy. So when I was offered an old mystery boat that I had to go all the way to Oregon to look at, I had my doubts at first. But boats seem to follow me home, so I couldn't resist the temptation to see what this "Australian dinghy" was. I took our '76 Toyota Chinook pop top camper (which had a trailer hitch on it) and my dog Meggie and headed north from San Diego the 1,000 miles to Oregon to get the skiff that I had agreed to adopt, sight unseen, over the phone. It was the beginning of an adventure a million times more exciting than I could ever have imagined.

Annie and onlookers with the good skiff *Fury* at the Brisbane 18-footers Club.



Dinghy Down Under

By Annie Kolls

For several years we sailed the skiff with our friends and fellow members of "Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society). Strip planked and all open ribs and stringers and made of exotic woods like silver ash, huon pine, and Australian red cedar, the sliding gunter gaff rigged sloop was different than any other I had experienced, and also faster. She flew. Sixteen feet long with a 6' bowsprit and over powered with 230sf of working sail, she is a rocket ship and we had a ball with her, sailing at messabouts in south San Diego Bay.

It took a minimum of four people to handle her and we needed the nerve of fighter pilots to sail at her top speed. The 4-1/2' 90 lb. steel daggerboard vibrated as she took off like an engine does when you press down on the gas pedal all the way. The boat's ballast was the crew. If you raised the sails, put the daggerboard in place, and let go of the boat in windless conditions, without a crew she would simply roll over. Capsize. The closest thing we have here are the old sandbaggers.

At the 1992 America's Cup races here in San Diego, she was discovered by an Australian journalist who was here to cover the races. I took him out in the skiff and he sent a big article with lots of pictures to his slick sailing pub in Sydney. He had put my address at the end of the six-page article and I began to get letters and invitations from old "skiffies" who remembered sailing boats like mine in the late '30s and early '40s. With their help I learned my boat was the last one left of her era on the planet and that she was built in Brisbane by renowned builder Norm Wright. She is a 1939 "Sixteen Foot Skiff," a bland name for this one design racer. Her original name was *Fury*. That part is appropriate.

We corresponded for three years. I learned much about the grand era of skiff racing and considered writing a book about it.

My first trip was three months long and an unforgettable adventure. I even flew with a ghost in a yellow Cessna over the pristine area of Byron Bay. I decided to donate my boat to the Australians for their maritime museum in Brisbane. But how to get her there? I was able to get an appointment with the head man at the container docks in Brisbane, and he was able to find a shipping company that would waive the freight fare (a \$5,000 value) as a contribution to my Donate the Skiff project.

I went back to Brisbane a few months later to take the boat out of the shipping container. A few days after that we put her on display at the 1997 Skiff Championships. Old skiffies came out of the woodwork to marvel over this relic from their younger days of racing. I was invited to have "Scotch with the Commodore" at the trophy presentations at the St. George Sailing Club in Sydney and was an honored guest at the Brisbane National Championship. I formally donated the skiff to the people of Australia as a gift from America.

Over the last five years she has been fully restored to her original brightwork inside and out and is currently on display in the Queensland Maritime Museum in Brisbane. She is in excellent sailing condition and has become a sailing ambassador for the museum, participating in races for historical skiffs in the Brisbane River. I am invited to be on the *Fury* crew whenever she goes out.

In my total of seven months in Australia I fell in love with the boats, the people, the land, the beaches, and more. I sailed *Fury* with an ancient crew of old skiffies (our average age was 72, with me the youngest at age 60) at the championships in Moreton Bay and again for the TV cameras with another old crew. We were taped from a speedboat (at full throttle) and a helicopter for Channel 7 in Brisbane.

I can relive that day whenever I play the videotape copy given to me by Channel 7. Just a month ago I learned that the museum has named an exhibit after me as a thank you. It's a restored river launch named the *Annie E. Kolls*.

When I would tell the *Reader's Digest* version of the adventure, people would always say, "Wow. You should write a book!" I finally did, and it has just been published and is receiving good reviews. You can read excerpts from the book *Skiff Song* at my website: www.annieholmes.com. The author's name on the book is Annie Holmes, which is my maiden name. You can also look it up on Amazon.com and the Barnes and Noble website. Contact me at <anniekolls@aol.com> or (858) 569-5277 for autographed copies. (\$20 plus \$2.00 postage.)



When I cleaned out the little garden shed today I found the mast for the kayak spinner. I turned it into a flagpole and have made a vow to forget sailing a sea kayak. I refused to drill a hole in the deck several kayaks ago and the sail long since got some rot on it from the sun through a garage window. The sail will go to a friend who makes things from old sails. The flag can fly for Flag Day this June 14 to honor our country's freedoms. It's the best small flagpole in town, carbon fiber and aircraft aluminum. And I can sail my West Wight Potter 15, not a kayak.

It made me think about all the stuff I've had, recycled, sold, traded, enjoyed, and carried on solo trips. These trips are the ones where I have canoed, sailed, and sea kayaked in wilderness areas. Earlier in the day I found an ankle brace while cleaning out a drawer. The brace came from the recovery time after I broke my fibula at the ankle while sea kayaking around Isle Royale in Lake Superior. My solo circumnavigation was over and I checked into the Rock Harbor hotel.

The next day I went hunting greenstones. Near the Rock Harbor Lighthouse the beaches often have lots of that turtle back green gem stone. It's about nine miles from Rock Harbor where the *Ranger III*, the National Park Service's freight and passenger ferry to the lighthouse, docks.

During the time I was gone the island began to get light drizzle, grayer skies, and that long rain dismal look about it. By the time I was paddling through the Lorall channel on the way back, the fog settled in as it often does when warm air pours north over the always cold waters of the big lake. Ghostly fog, fir trees, rocks glistening, small wavelets, and birdsong bordered my vision as I silently paddled back toward a warm room and a whitefish dinner at the restaurant.

By the time I got to the little beach near the restaurant and adjacent hotel, I badly had to pee. I made a quick grab on the kayak's nose, towed it up the slick grassy slope, and left it to go to the public toilets next to the restaurant. By the time I peeled off the PFD, the waterproof anorak, and hauled down the suspended Farmer John Polartec suit, I was nearly in trouble. Well, they say if you haven't done it in your boat you will in your clothes sometime if you kayak much. I made it and after washing my hands and resuiting up, I walked out the door to see two men with their hands and heads on and in my kayak.

With some fears for the theft of the kayak, the paddle, the radio, the camera, or the binoculars under cords on the deck, I dashed down the sidewalk and onto the grass where I put my left foot into a hole, fell, and heard snap crack snap. My foot inside the neoprene booties had augured into the hole. I had tried to move so that it couldn't happen, but below me in that split second was the kayak and the head of one of the men right in the cockpit! I broke my first bone at age 56 on Isle Royale.

As I was falling forward and down, I was caught by the two men at the last possible second and they eased me onto the ground instead of letting me trash the kayak. That ocume plywood kayak always was a man magnet, I thought. Coming to my senses, I knew I had but a few minutes to get the leg in alignment before the muscles "set" up. I asked one of the men to hold my bootied foot exactly as I told him and I backed up aligning

Solo Cruises Revisited

Part 1

Sail, Canoe, Sea Kayak

By Anne J. Westlund

and setting the bone back into place within one millimeter (the doctor later told me).

Now, I have done first aid and National Ski Patrol work since 1960. This was 1997. In those years I learned a few things that I wouldn't advise anyone to do but was willing to try for myself. I poured what was left of my drinking water on the ankle that was not only broken but had a sprained big toe joint and a badly sprained ankle. Trying to drill into a hole with your foot is not advisable, don't do it. The booties offered some support and I was able to stand on the leg after a few minutes. The fibula doesn't bear much body weight, so with care I knew I could hobble along. I'm so grateful to the doctor who told me that over a ski patrol case one afternoon years ago. It gave me the courage to try.

The two gentlemen who were looking over my kayak helped me with my gear, put the kayak on the rack under the hotel's eaves, and I hobbled up the stairs, jumping when I could, and getting to my room on the second floor. They put my gear bags from the emptied kayak on the floor of my room and left as I assured them it was just a sprain and I was okay. Meantime the foggy weather had become a 40 degree, misty rain that was plenty cold enough for the ankle. No ice was needed.

The men were very concerned about me and my injury. Typically they thought we could just go to an emergency room. Well, not on Isle Royale, some 60 miles from Houghton, Michigan, and over 14 miles from Thunder Bay, Ontario, in Canada. And you can't fly the tiny seaplanes in and out of narrow Duncan Cove in fog either. The rangers on the island have first aid training. I did, too, in my brain and hands and experience. I knew what to do and what I couldn't do. All was well with the wet, cold bootie. I hunkered down under my sleeping bag with a hot cup of tea for about an hour, the foot sticking out. The heat wasn't on and the windows were open to the crash of surf on the rocks below with the view lost in the fog.

In clean, dry clothes and fleece sweater, my feet in soggy wet booties, I went down the outdoor stairs, sliding with my hands on the metal rails, and limped to the dining room for that whitefish dinner. It was sooooo gooooo. I left wet prints all over the floor! No one questioned a thing. They'd all heard already about my "leg."

The next day I spent in bed with my foot up, reading mostly. I did go for breakfast and had them make me a bag lunch so I didn't have to go up and down the stairs until supper time, and for breakfast the next day before getting onto the ferry. At some point mid afternoon, the urge to get a hot soak on the ankle overpowered the ICE recommendations of modern medicine and I took a long hot bath with extra soaking time on the ankle. It felt really good and the swelling went way down.

After that I asked the hotel manager to be sure to have a luggage cart for my string

net duffels of gear and paddles and to put the kayak on top of the cart so I could push her along the sidewalks to the ferry dock. As it turned out the manager arranged for two boys from the restaurant to help me with these things so all I had to do was hobble. I could have ridden on the cart but was too proud for that. Besides, I was pretending it was a bad sprain, even though I had used up the last of my ibuprofen from the first aid kit that morning.

When I got to Houghton after the six hour crossing of Lake Superior, I had a five hour drive home. I had talked myself out of going to the hospital in Hancock across the passage from Houghton. I did go home after a friendly and concerned ranger helped me put my kayak on the car and lash it down. Once at home, I unloaded the kayak, put it in the barn, bathed, and the next day drove to Alpena, Michigan, for a job interview (didn't want the job, as it turned out, so that was a waste).

The next day I drove to Grand Marais, Michigan, for the Sea Kayak Symposium. I stayed there for four or five days, walking the entire time I wasn't sitting in lectures or sleeping. I drove very little as there are too few places to park and the distances to things are not much. I was even able to walk on the sandy beaches and try out lots of sea kayaks. I found I couldn't push down with my toes very well. I guess that's a real clue your fibula is broken instead of just a sprained ankle.

At work some two weeks after the fall, I noticed the ankle was still quite swollen, especially as I was putting in too much desk time. I made an appointment with the orthopedic specialist in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, some 65 miles from where I lived in Paradise.

The X-rays showed no damage to bones in the ankle or toe but the fibula was broken on a 45 degree angle, typical of the so-called "broken ankle." No ankle bones were affected. The "set" was within one millimeter and the doctor said they allow up to a centimeter before doing another attempted setting or surgery. He also said I must have one hell of a high pain tolerance. Actually it didn't hurt all that bad. I walked out of the doctor's office with a bright pink fiberglass cast because he said, although the bone was healing well, he feared I might step on a pebble and re-break it, then it would be surgery and pin time, and much more serious.

He also said things seemed to be healing well. I tried to buy an air cast before going to the doctor but none were to be had in town. The fiberglass cast was on for ten days when they cut it off at my insistence. I wore an ankle brace like our boys' basketball team does after turning their ankles. Recovery was fast and I'm fine on both "pins" today. For a few years the bone was a falling barometer indicator, but now it doesn't give me signals like that anymore. I kind of miss it.

(To Be Continued)

Alden Shells

in eastern New England



"Oarmaster I" parts

Rowing Sport

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Just got back from a month in Chile on the Futalafu River in Patagonia, "Eric e-mailed. "Wow! The new challenges and rewards of whitewater after so many miles logged at sea."

Eric Stiller grew up in the old Klepper Kayak shop of Dieter Stiller in New York on Union Square. He's represented Klepper most of his life and is a professional trainer, trip leader, and outfitter.

At about the 400-mile point of running west, nonstop, down trade winds and big seas across Australia's Gulf of Carpentaria with Tony Brown in a Klepper double (preceded by 3000 miles paddling/sailing up Australia's east coast), a fitting attaching a frame to the cockpit rim pulled out near the leeboard thwart attachment. "Epic," as Tony called him, fixed it with his folding multi tool. "Things I bring," Eric wrote, "Leatherman tool as per description."

In the last issue the column ended with four categories of things experienced people usually bring, even on daytrips, beyond PFDs, water, bailing and propulsion gear for rowing, paddling, and sailing.

Safety: Meade Gougeon's small training swim fins; Rob Monroe's book to reduce temptation to go when the weather says no; Ben Fuller's survival gear with his PFD; Iain Oughtred's tethers on loose gear; my natural sponge for more bailing choices.

Piloting: Marilyn Vogel and Chuck Sutherland's NavAids; Jim Brown's monocular; Ben Fuller and Verlen Kruger's many compasses; my deck watch and binoculars.

Well run ship: Hallie Bond's kids' gear; Iain's bucket; Bud Tritschler's tool kit and urinal; Jim Derck's anchor; my white commercial fishermen's boots (Servus).

Pleasure: Ron Hoddinott, Rob, and my spirits; Rob's cigars; Iain's coffee or tea; Howard Rice's wine vinegar and Mozart; Verlen's can of mixed nuts.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

Cruising Ministries

6110 Florida Ave.

New Port Richey, FL 34653

(727) 849-3766

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By Hugh Horton

Originally published in *Small Craft Advisor*

Are the four groups useful as a way of thinking about what to bring on daytrips or longer? Can we simplify them?

Jenny Bennett, living in Cornwall, England, is the Executive Editor of *Maritime Life and Traditions*. She was an editor with *WoodenBoat*, *Classic Boat*, and is described by Greg Jones, editor of *Sailing*, as "a genuine connoisseur of small boats and a fine sailor." She commissioned the Tony Dias award winning sailing dinghy *Small*.

Jenny wrote, "I've been trying to think of something really exciting instead of the truth which is very boring! The truth is when I go small boat sailing I like to go for a bit of a potter and that usually means through lunch, or afternoon tea, or an evening drink.

So, for all occasions I take one layer of clothing above and beyond what I think I'm going to need and then if it's lunch a whole picnic of sandwiches, a piece of fruit, some sort of chocolate or biscuit, flask of coffee; if it's afternoon tea, it's a flask of tea and a biscuit of some sort (if I'm going with my best pottering buddy the biscuit will be a Wagon Wheel, her favourite, and she's the only person on the planet who I know who really likes them); if it's an evening drink it may be a flask of coffee or a couple of small bottles of French beer (the types with screw tops, one bottle for me and one for my friend), and perhaps some nibbles.

Hula Hoops are always a favourite; if I think I'm going to be joining friends or stopping to watch some fireworks or some such, we'll take a bottle of wine, and in my reckless past I have been known to take a premixed bottle of gin and tonic!

"So there you are, the boring truth, which to American eyes probably makes me look like a hopeless case! I wish I could pretend to be the friend who never goes anywhere afloat without his harmonica, or the other friend who, as a child, used to take an empty bottle, a blank piece of paper, and a pencil just in case! Indeed, when I was a kid I always had at least one 2p coin to use in a phone box in case I ended up somewhere cold and wet and wanted a lift home.

"Oh, and I've just remembered the one truly useful thing that I always take, a length of string, strong and long enough to save a parted shroud, thin enough to tack down a sail, serve as a reef line, hold onto a pair of sunglasses, tie up the crew's hair, whatever."

Dick Newick is the master multihull designer. He drew and built kayaks as a youngster and paddled one through Europe as a young man. Among a bunch of notable multihulls is the Atlantic proa *Cheers*, trimarans *Three Cheers*, the Val series, the Tremolino kit using Hobie 16 rig and amas, *Rogue Wave*, and the OSTAR winning *Moxie*.

"What do you usually bring along, even on daytrips?" I asked on the phone.

"I bring an attitude," he said. "It's more fun to slide through water than to battle though it. The only reason we're out there is to enjoy it. Anything diminishing enjoyment should be avoided."

It's an attitude of efficiency, so his energy will take him further. I got the feeling, too, it includes the idea of the flexible branch which bends to the wind but doesn't break. And Dick carries hand swim fins.

Safety, piloting, well run ship, pleasure. Do Dick's "attitude," Jenny's "piece of string," and Eric's Leatherman fit the categories?

Savvy people can say, after decades of experience, they simply bring what makes them feel good. Feeling good I'll say is relative safety and comfort. Seamanship gives safety, comfort is intertwined with pleasure.

One more. Usually my flyswatter is below, next to the seat. The swatter was added to ship's gear in the Adirondacks of New York in late July at a Wooden Canoe Heritage Association's yearly Assembly. (In the mid '90s, at several Assemblies, Ron Sell, Marilyn Vogel, and Howard Rice helped me give a sailing chat and demo/instruction).

The Adirondacks have "stable flies" which appear to be houseflies, but they're voracious, bite fast, and love to take boat rides. After long weekend Assemblies, dozens of bodies have littered Puffin's bilges. The same species, I think, *Stomoxys calcitrans*, are at Lake Superior in midsummer.

In Florida the vicious Southern deer fly (genus *Chrysops*, wedge shaped, often amber with dark wing spots) stalks you in your boat, particularly if you are wearing shorts. These deer flies seem to bite faster than their Yankee near look alikes, faster than just the temperature increase explains, not waiting a millisecond after landing.

First it's a little itch, then quickly painful, but it's too late. You'll have a real itch for a while, as though a champion team of amazon mosquitoes had drilled the same freckle.

With a swatter you have a decent chance of bettering a deerfly, and feeling like a mighty hunter, and your smug savior, too. Catch one barehanded? Ode to Joy.

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Competent builder/marketer sought to continue the over 200 boat tradition of founder John P. Olin, building Newick designed fiberglass trailerable trimarans with 2 berths, cockpits for 4, speeds from 15 to 20 knots. Purchase may be split into two groups which share common tooling:

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I was first introduced to the winds of Lake Michigan at the tender age of 11 while going out for my first sail. It was also my first race and it took place in the waters off Jackson Park Harbor in Chicago. My having just retched over the side, the race began with cries of "starboard" as the captain, my juvenile delinquent friend's father, careened his 26' Eastwind across the starting line, dodging the bow waves of the entire fleet due to his mistimed start. At that point, being too scared to be sick, I settled into the long race, listening to undecipherable commands and being helped by an older gentleman who interpreted for me and made sure I pulled the right line at the right time.

But this essay is about wind and that day the lake, with its low clouds and white capped 4' to 5' waves, was riled up due to a northeaster, a wind that I had experienced as a land-lubber but never fully comprehended until that fateful day off of Jackson Park.

Wind and water is a combination that tends to make up many of my dreams. Over the years, as spring approaches and fall recedes, the expectant winds are awaited and as the wind clocks around from northeast to southeast, so too does summer follow winter.

For those who have no experience with Lake Michigan, she lies mainly north to south for approximately 350 miles and probably averages 60 miles athwartships. Chicago snuggles in the southwest corner in the shallower reaches of a lake that dives to 900' beneath your keel at its deepest center. The weather on the lake is, lets just say, abrupt.

While living in southern Florida on a rusting 33' Mason designed sloop, I revelled in the gradual nature of the weather. With the exception of a few squalls, the weather came in slowly, politely introduced itself, and then proceeded to hang around for weeks on end. This is not an option on the Great Lakes. If I can anthropomorphize, the weather on the lake tends to be vindictive. I forever find myself looking over my shoulder, searching for where the next blow will come from and it usually does come.

We in the Midwest happen to live at the convergence of two monumental weather systems that collide and do battle over our heads. Great masses of cold dry air from Canada regularly meet the warm, moisture laden air from the Gulf of Mexico, to which the added vagaries of the jet stream make one paranoid as hell about the weather. The winds that concern me here are not from the cardinal points of the compass but from the edgy combinations of NE, NW, SE, and SW.

First let me talk about the most benign of these winds, the southeast. Warm, gentle breezes that are so steady you barely need to man the helm. Great sailing wind, the perfect wind in which to invite your mother-in-law out for a sail. A few summers ago, these SE winds predominated and, oh, what a glorious summer they made. While we sweltered onshore, a mile out in the lake the thick polluted air gave way to 10 degree cooler 15 knot breezes. We just left the diesel on a little longer to reach the blessed wind before raising our sails for peaceful close reaches all summer long.

Even in the most perfect of summers the blustery southwest winds occur. Stirred up by traveling over the entire south side of the city and hitting the sheer cliffs of downtown

Lake Michigan Wind

By Dean Raffaelli

Chicago's skyscrapers, they sweep sheets of 20 to 30 knot winds out onto the lake like drying sheets flapping on the clothesline in your mom's backyard.

It took years of coast hugging agony to realize that if I just sailed five miles further out the wind would be strong but no longer gusty, the perfect combination for my heavy 31' Swedish sloop. The dreaded southwest winds on summer afternoons became welcoming. These same winds are also responsible for the unseasonably warm weather in the spring and fall and, on an occasional winter's day, make it feel like spring.

Then there are the northwesterners. On a couple of late season cruises they blew in and left the boat covered in snow. The barometer usually drops in anticipation of these winds. And, as opposed to the southwesterners blowing over a hot turbulent city, these winds come across the Great Plains and the Canadian Arctic.

Due to Chicago's location on the western shore, the lake remains flat, even with the high velocities of the northwest and southwest winds. As I man the tiller, I watch in-

tently the darkening surface of the rippling blue grey water as the wind churns up the wavelets and I await its effect on the rudder. As the gust hit the sails, the reason for the term weather helm becomes obvious.

Finally, there is nothing like a northeaster out on the lake. Waves roll in from Beaver Island some 300 miles away and the wind that has been unimpeded for all that distance hits full force. No wavelets here, no gusts, just grey white capped rollers breaking with wind blown spray. These are the winds that cause you to double reef and keep you hoping you can get the boat into the lee of some outreaching headland.

My father had multiple barometers hanging around the house that he would tap once or twice each day. He never bothered to explain it to me and I never bothered to ask, but nonetheless, now at 50, I find myself doing the same thing. Tapping away I have noticed that commencing in the late spring and ending in the early fall, the barometer is stuck, unmoving, and hovers around 30. Then one day in September I will tap the glass and the needle will abruptly drop. It is then that I start to plan for winter.

Having been lulled into complacency by the heat of August, I begin to realize that it is all over for another year and await the first northeasters of the upcoming dreaded winter season to appear. While winter negotiates between the northwesterners and the northeasters, I start ruminating on arcane subjects, such as the wind. Fair winds to one and all.



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The Maritime Museum in Exeter has the largest collection of working boats in the world, and is still growing. It is to be found on the banks of the River Exe in the heart of the city and only five minutes from the cathedral. It is housed in a number of historic warehouses and in the Exeter Canal (dug in 1566).

The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.

Notice: this museum is no longer in existence.



- 57. PHILLIPINES DUGOUT** Manilla Bay. This boat was found adrift in Manilla Bay shortly after the end of the war. She was retrieved and brought home by Commander Roberts RN of Newton Ferrers and used as a family boat. From the position of the mast step it would appear that there should be an outrigger on each side.



- 58. BIRCH-BARK CANOE** A North American Indian Canoe, built of the bark of a single tree. This is an art that is rapidly dying out on the North American continent. The donor of this canoe, Mr. Robert Conn, an American citizen, searched for eighteen months before he found the builder, the son of an Algonquin Chief.



- 59. GAFF CUTTER 'SUNNY SOUTH'** Similar in design to the Fal oyster boats which still fish under sail (to conserve the oysters), SUNNY SOUTH was built at St. Ives in 1904 and was first registered at Padstow in 1905. She is on loan to the museum.



- 60. WEST AFRICAN DUGOUT** It has been suggested that this crude form of dugout has been adapted for an outboard motor, hence the stern platform. There is evidence, however that this was a feature of the design long before the outboard was invented. The country of origin of this particular boat is not known.



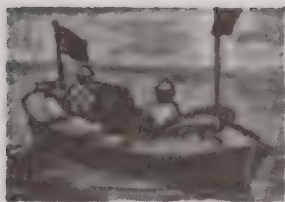
- 61. BUCK'S LEDGE BOAT** Buck's Ledge is a submarine ledge off the North Coast of Devon about 3 miles east of Clovelly. Buck's Mills is a village in a deep valley and has no harbour, consequently these boats are smaller than their cousins the Picarooner (53) as they need to be hauled further up to safety. Presented by Mr. K. Braund of Buck's Mills.



- 62. SUPER SILVER** was rowed across the Atlantic in 1969 by Tom McClean in the record time of 70 days. He sailed from St. John's Newfoundland on 17th May and arrived at Blacksod Bay, Co. Mayo on the 27th July.



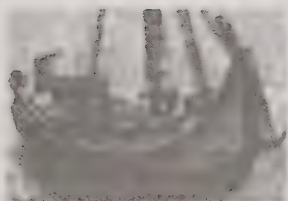
- 63. BRITANNIA II** This is the remains of the most travelled rowing boat in the history of man. In it John Fairfax and Sylvia Cook rowed from San Francisco to Australia in 1971/1972. In 1974 Peter Bird and Derek King rowed her across the Atlantic and her last voyage from America with only Peter Bird as crew ended in shipwreck in November 1980 in the Hawaiian Islands. Peter Bird was trying to row solo to Australia, a voyage he completed, all but the last 30 miles, in another boat in 1983.



64. **PUFFIN** was the boat in which David Johnstone and John Hoare met their deaths in their attempt to row across the Atlantic in 1966. Their boat was found capsized in mid-Atlantic but no trace has ever been found of the crew.

THE ELLERMAN COLLECTION of Portuguese working boats.

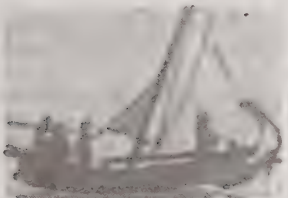
All the boats in the Ellerman Collection were given to the museum or were bought with grants from the Science Museum and the Gulbenkian Foundation of Lisbon. They were however brought to England free of charge by Ellerman Container Line. Without this magnificent gesture it is unlikely that this collection would ever have been achieved.



65. **TAGUS LIGHTER** An estuarine cargo carrier similar to its larger cousin, the Fregata. This boat was obtained in 1974 when 50 or so were still in use. Now all are derelict.



66. **XAVEGA** A beach-launched four-oared rowing boat, which has a crew of 46, 11 to each oar and two supernumeraries. These craft, possibly of Phoenician origin, are from the Aveiro area of Portugal, but the four-oared boat is now extinct.



67. **MOLICEIRO** A 48ft Portuguese sailing boat used for collecting seaweed in Aveiro Lagoon. Over 1,000 were in use in 1935 but only 160 were left in 1974. The seaweed is dredged from the bottom of the shallow lagoon with rakes while the boat is driven forward by the wind or by quanting.



68. **MEIA LUA** A fishing boat restored from a derelict by ISCA volunteers. The **MEIA LUA** is now extinct. The modern replacements have much less exaggerated stems and sterns.



69. **NETINHA** An extinct type from Nazare, north of Lisbon. Very unlike any other Portuguese boats - possibly French origin. The shape is to assist in stability during launching into the open sea. As with the **MEIA LUA** the stems of the present day boats are less exaggerated.



70. **VALBOEIRO** Probably of Scandinavian origin, being clinker built, from the Douro upstream from Oporto. The largest version of this type, the Barco Rabello, used to bring port in casks down the Douro to the cellars in Porto.

Now in our 14th year, the Boat School builds some of the most beautiful wooden boats in the area. To date, the Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders' School continues to offer four courses: Antique Canoe Repair & Restoration, Basic Wooden Boat Building, Model Ship Building, and Wooden Boat Repair & Restoration. We have completed over 161 boats.

Some of the projects most recently completed, or nearly so, include: a 15' cedar strip canoe built by Hank Selke with a little help from his daughter; a "Wee Lassie" strip canoe built by Don Kerr; an 11' redwood strip canoe soon to be finished by Ned Colburn; a 15' strip canoe Bruce Pardo is building; and a 12' ultralite canoe is being finished by two freshmen, Doug and Robb Attenburg.

In the Model Shop, instructor Harry Glover has a new student just completing a fine scale model of a Chesapeake Bay commercial fishing boat. Bob Stover, who has recently completed a fine 48" model of a radio controlled Skipjack, recently tested the boat with Instructor Ed Gera. A father/daughter team, Randy and Katelyn Hembein, have framed another Skipjack. By spring we will have a fleet of model Skipjacks to represent the Museum at St. Michaels and Calvert Maritime Museums and other competitions.

The canoe guys continue to astound and perplex the rest of the builders with their level of frivolity and general good spirits while turning out a number of finished products. Last year we completed a major restoration on an old Chestnut canoe and a cleanup of a middle-aged Old Town. In addition, we have maintained the 25' Old Town war canoe for Camp Echo Hill on the Eastern Shore near Betterton. Two current projects are nearing completion, the aptly named *Bicanoe*, broken in half during a collision with an oak tree during a storm, and a Thompson that was purchased several years ago. Another Chestnut is soon to be canvassed.

One long time project, an Old Town ABS canoe, has had the entire upper structure replaced with wood. New inwales, outwales, decks, and seats have been built and fitted. A second war canoe is soon to be hauled from overhead storage and receive a new stern, canvas, and outwales. During our last Maritime Festival, two canoes were canvassed. One the Thompson mentioned above and a second for a private party.

The canoe rendezvous that was scheduled for September 20th was cancelled due

Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum

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to a visit by Isabel and subsequent lack of power at the museum. But we look forward to the second First Annual event this year. Stay tuned for details. Bud Gillis and crew have set the date for September 18, 2004.

From lofting board to finish, a small team of students will build a reproduction of a Bushwhack Boat built in 1925. They are using plans by Jim Holly, well known Havre de Grace boat builder. Be sure to check their progress the next time you visit the Museum.

One of the missions of the Maritime Museum at Havre de Grace is to help preserve our local history of fishing/boating/maritime life and endeavors. Toward this end the Chesapeake Wooden Boat School, under the leadership of Jack Bosen, has undertaken the construction of two vintage style craft in addition to more student popular current style boats. Currently a traditional Chesapeake Bay 18-1/2' sailing crabbing skiff is being constructed. This wooden boat is being constructed from lines recorded in Howard I. Chappelle's book, *Boatbuilding*, and we believe is being built in the traditional methods of its time.

The second traditional boat project underway is the construction of a Holly Bushwhack Boat. This gunning boat is named for, and is from, the lines of the boat Mr. James Holly built back in 1925. Holly was a waterman, decoy carver, and boat builder in Havre de Grace from about 1888 until 1928. He built a number of boats per year averaging around 20.

From lofting board to finish, a small team of students will build this reproduction. Presently several students are lofting the boat's lines. From these we will develop the actual sized frames, build them, and then go through all the steps to build the craft for use

by the Museum staff. It is a great traditional boat to build and will allow all participants to learn new skills and also participate in preserving a little history, too. These projects help to preserve traditional Havre de Grace boat building techniques and styles.

The school just completed another summer of Outreach programs at maritime and community festivals in Harford and Cecil counties. When people see and talk with our staff and students about the Museum, a frequent response is, "Gee, we didn't know about your Museum." Next year we hope to add additional information about more Museum programs. We will need additional volunteer help to meet this goal.

We are so busy making sure class projects are moving along, lectures covered, safety issues addressed, and most important that the mission of the school and museum are met, we take for granted the people who make it all work: Al Ault, Don Boehl, Jack Bosen, Chuck Foley, Ed Gera, Al Gillis, Harry Glover, Bill Putland. These men bring with them a wide variety of skills and expertise we could never afford. They are here every Tuesday, frequent weekends, and on the road to share the joy of wooden boat building. "Thank you" seems so inadequate. Their pay must be their personal satisfaction they receive in seeing the results of their work. We greatly appreciate their hard work and dedication.

Teen Boat Building

One of the highlights of the CWBBS summer programs is their annual boat building class for young men and women. After 35 hours of focussed effort, 12 students graduated to the ranks of wooden boatbuilders.

In spite of the intense heat (one student named his boat *Sweat*) all boats were completed and carried to the Lighthouse Saturday morning. David Craig, Mayor of Havre de Grace, gave a speech and presented each student with Course Completion Certificates from Harford Community College. Students, instructors, families, and friends joined a christening of the boats. After launching and a short course in paddling, everyone tested their canoe. And we are proud to report not one leak in the fleet! Without the six boat school instructors, students, and family members, the program would not have been possible. Thanks to all for a job well done!

New Wooden Boat Builders:

Joseph Allen
Peter Andes
Alex Berenbrok Niblett
Bianca Dalal
Daneil Knopp
Steven Landreth
Andrew Malone
Paul And Steve Otradovec
Natalie Russell
William Tanenbaum
Martin Widenhouse

Local Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Chapter Being Formed

A group of like-minded members of the Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School are forming the Upper Chesapeake Chapter of the Local Wooden Canoe Heritage Association (WCHA). Events to include an annual Canoe Rendezvous and several day paddles. Call (410) 939-4800 for details.



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The Amazing Magic Carpet

By Ryerson Clark

Reprinted from the

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia Newsletter

Like no ordinary carpet or common household rug, the magic carpet of old could take its riders in comfort and style to wonderful destinations, safely and always under control. This is how Annie and I have come to think of our Windsprint trimaran after the first season of testing. We also think of it as a giant sea bird spreading its vast wings and gliding over the waves, for our *Loon* has a span of 12'! This, in a 16' LOA craft, is mind boggling at first and does take some getting used to. Not in the sailing qualities, as they are the most flawless of any small boat I have sailed aboard, but in the coming up to a dock, or getting aboard from the side, or slipping through a tight anchorage. Not a big problem, just a different way of thinking, in advance.

Building was straightforward as we really just did what "looked" right so far as the lines of the amas (pontoons) went. Years before I made a model and used these lines as a starting point. They were modified in the construction stage to make the ends finer after we saw them on their temporary mounts next to the hull. The finished lines are free to any Windsprint owner who wants them.

The akas (crosspieces that hold the amas to the main hull) we made from \$8 worth of construction grade 2"x4" spruce. Our reasoning was why spend money on an experiment when these would do. Well, they did so well that we will use them as a pattern for some new ones I am about to start. The 2"x4"s will work, but because they are construction grade they tend to be unstable and are starting to twist. The new ones will be laminated spruce with a bit of oak for the ends where they fasten to the amas.

This first year we bolted the amas to the akas and lashed the akas to the main hull. This season will see lashings all round as they worked far better than the bolts, which were truly overkill. For lashings we used super low stretch 1/4" line and it only needed to be tightened once all season.

Overall impressions are that we have pretty well hit the design exactly. *Loon* sails stable, comfortably, and is very roomy. Her speed is just about the same as the monohull Windsprint alone, maybe faster as the wind picks up. She comes apart easily for trailering and all parts, including the main hull, can be managed by two people to lift onto the trailer. Care must be taken not to break anything sailing, mainly because of the stability we must remember to reef as if it was a mono Windsprint. If we don't, there is a large strain on the mast which we could stay if we liked, but also the rudder fasteners (to the main hull) would have to be made heavier and maybe the rudder itself.

Reef early and the ride is nicer and we go just about as fast with less fatigue on the

boat or the helmsman. If it is that windy that we feel the need to "hike out," it is too late as the mast will be over the side! I would expect it would have to be well over 20 knots from the beam to sink one of the amas with us in the main hull. Thus the amas make excellent guides to reefing as they submerge.

New for 2004 will be hammocks just outside the main hull across the akas as well as a tent, if time allows. This will solve one of the biggest unforeseen problems we had, how to get aboard from a wharf! Walking a 6' span on a 2"x4" on edge was tricky and I only did it twice. I rigged a 12" board, like a gangplank (which it was) that I could sail with in the main hull or leave on the "home" wharf, depending on my destination. Going to the beach wasn't a problem as we could sail right up it and step off the bow dry. With the hammocks I'll not need the plank anymore, just "roll" aboard. These will also make great suntanning platforms and wonderful roomy bunks under a tent, as well as seats for sailing to give us a change of position from the floor seat on long trips

As a camp cruiser, I don't think it can be beat for our needs. Easy to get to where we want by trailer (won't really need a launch ramp), fast, stable (both underway and as a bed at anchor), and above all very roomy under a tent! We expect the "floor" space to measure almost 10' in the beam by 7'6" fore and aft! We will be able to sit in the hammocks as in a chair or lay out on them and still have a 4'x7' (approximately) main hull space free.

Actual sailing trips were loads of fun although we didn't make any long passages. Mostly we played about McNabs and Lawlors Islands which are fairly sheltered from fetch, but the wind can get up there. One trip Annie and I headed out on a 10 knot breeze from the sea towards Devils Island. This should only be done in the best conditions in a small craft as it is open sea (though not far). Our intent was to meet other SWBANS members who had kayaked out earlier in the day. We found them about halfway back on their return trip. The sea conditions were good, only about a foot or two of swell except around some reefs where it built up. We then sailed back in Drake's Passage (between Lawlor's and McNab's) to Wreck Cove beach for a group lunch. Beam on the swell proved no trouble and only a little wet came aboard in spray from the amas.

On another trip we took three adults and a 90 lb. dog to Ive's Cove (McNab's) to pick rosehips for wine making. Beached her on the point, had some lunch, and then started back home to Eastern Passage. We just pushed off when we found Ken and Katherine in *Chelsea Victoria* so we started back together, *Loon* in the lead and a dropping tide found me steering a bit close to Indian Point where our dagger board hit a reef, stopping us dead! It was quite a shock as I always cut this "corner" inside the buoy, but this time I was a bit too close and talking over the stern to Ken rather than watching. Annie pulled the board, waved Ken off just in time, and with now only a few inches of draft, we sailed over the rest of the shoat. Only damage was a bite out of the board, no problem, a winter fix.

It is now winter and I will start the new akas this week, *Loon* will get fresh paint in the spring, and I hope be sailing by late May this year.



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I was lying in the bed the other night trying to think up something to worry about when a thought struck me so hard that I didn't get another wink of sleep all night long. I had lost a boat. Sometimes (rarely) I go to some enormous shopping center to get something I can't get from these little merchants I normally do business with and I just stupidly get out of the car and, completely oblivious to the geography of the damned place, wander in there and start looking for wide-toed shoes or something, and when I finally get through and come out into the real world I can't remember where in hell I parked the car...have no idea...not a clue.

I can soon figure out the east and west of the place but I can't remember what side of the hundred acre parking lot (absolutely full of SUVs so big you can't see over them even if you hop as high as you can). Anyway, I just have to wander a search pattern like the Coast Guard does when they are looking for some lost boater out in the middle of the ocean. Fortunately my car is easy to recognize when I finally actually see it and I am soon gone, but this lost boat was last seen so long ago that I had no idea where it was within miles and miles of possibilities. I better explain.

Back in the early '70s we were real poor. My wife was working for minimum wage as a teacher's aid, and that only four hours a day, and all our other income came from my various half-assed endeavors. We had some kind of a sea boat or other all that time, but nothing I could just leave down at the pond in case if I was wandering along and saw a fish acting hungry out there, I could get my handline out of my pocket and, quick, catch a grasshopper and push off in the boat and go catch him.

I had built a series of small plywood boats but, if I neglected them as I am wont to do, they always rotted down in short order. I had a long standing prejudice against the cheapo aluminum buttheads that I might have possibly afforded, not only because they were what put me out of the plywood boat business, but because my mother had one of the first ones of the damn things ever made and it wasn't worth a flip. Not only couldn't it be paddled or rowed with any efficiency, it hung up on lily pads and grass worse than anything. I don't know if it was the exposed rivets or the runners on the bottom or just that all that flat bottom sucked to the lily pads like suction cups, but it was damn near immovable in any weeds at all.

One time my sister and I were out in it in the middle of our old, big swampy pond shooting bullfrogs (you shoot them with a .22 short...hollow point...and somehow the hydraulic shock just stultifies them and they keep sitting right where they were until you pick them up and put them in the sack). Anyway, I shot myself through the forearm with the pistol. The hollow point penetrated all the way through and there was a plug of meat as big as a Vienna sausage hanging out on the output side. We were terrified and horrified. I sat there holding my arm while she tried to pole the boat to the hill so we could go to the hospital with this horrendous wound, but she was too little and weak to overcome the suction of the lily pads.

I started to get up and take up the pole but she just jumped over the side in the shallow water and took up the painter and towed

Wild Rice Canoe

By Robb White

me (sitting like Cleopatra on her barge) rapidly to the bank. When we got to the doctor (good old Dr. Charley Watt...the man who discovered what to do when you get rattlesnake bit...I'll tell you sometime) the piece of meat had retracted back into the hole so he swabbed out both sides as best he could with something like gentian violet and put two bandaids on there and sent me home. "What do you think I ought to do about being careful with it and all?" I asked as I walked out of his office. "Don't shoot yourself anymore," was his medical advice.

So was that buttheaded pain in the ass the boat I lost? Hell no, I know exactly where that son of a bitch is and it is welcome to stay there, too. The boat I lost was the wild rice canoe my mother and I sort of went together and bought. My mother was funny about how generous she was to poor old me. One time I was whining about how I hated the particular old wore-out outboard motor I was running at that time and she said, "Bingey...you need a new outboard motor and I am going to buy you one so I won't have to raise any orphan children when you break down and drift to Africa." The next day, she called to tell me to go to Bellamy's Boat Shop and pick up my brand new 1967 Evinrude "Sportster" (25hp). Whew, it was pretty...first 50:1 mix I ever owned and ran so smooth and started first pull every time. I loved it. The payment book came in the mail the next day.

So you can see how I might have been sort of skeptical when she said, "Bingey, I have been reading about this promotion where we can get a brand new Grumman 17" standard canoe with box tops from Uncle Ben's wild rice. I love wild rice so I will eat the rice and give you the box tops." I was going to read the fine print but never got around to it until I got to Albany (that's Albany, Georgia...not the capital of anything, yet) with a fist full of boxtops to pick up my canoe. It turned out that the canoe cost me a bunch of money. I asked the dealer what it would cost without the boxtops and he said, "Same thing." Oh well.

As an aside, before I get back to the canoe, my mother was truly an unusual woman. If you want to find out more, I plug my sister's book, *Momma Makes up Her Mind*, Bailey White...probably at the library and certainly at the Amazon.

We used the canoe for a long time off and on but it wasn't all that good of a pond boat...too big and too much windage for stealthy fishing. Finally I got around to building a better boat and just left it hidden around one of the ponds on the old place so if I was to shoot a duck in the middle of the winter-time I would be able to keep from having to swim to get him.

The present trouble was that I couldn't remember which pond it was anymore. I like to hide boats and an aluminum boat doesn't mind lying for years under a pile of sticks and leaves, either. Somehow it enhances the appearance of the boat as the mildew covers up the shiny metal. In the proper environment (like down around a pond) lichens will grow on aluminum, too.

The last time I remember the wild rice canoe was one time my oldest son and his cousin and I went on a long trip up the Ochlocknee River on a fly rod fishing expedition. We took our lunch in an icebox and I had a jackleg rig sticking out on the port side to run an outboard motor and had an Evinrude weedless 4hp on there, and we were tooling it down the narrow, stumpy, log jammed river like we knew what we were doing. We came to a place where a fallen tree made us have to swerve over into the willows and, somehow, a dry willow stick got hung up in my son's nostril and he turned us over. It was instantaneous, too. When the boat flipped, the engine passed me and caught me by the sleeve with the throttle lever and went to running wide open.

Amazingly it kept on running for quite a few revolutions after all of it but the propeller was under the water, but when all the air got sucked out of the cowl and the first pure mouthful of water went into the crankcase, it locked up and never ran right again. The flywheel turned sort of stiff. I think the hydraulic shock bent one of the connecting rods or something kind of like what happens to a bullfrog when a hollow point short stultifies him. I cannibalized the engine for parts. So how did we three flyrod fishermen get back down the river? We found the paddles but not the flyrods or my tackle box. The cousin saved the sandwiches out of the icebox, though.

I know we brought the canoe back from that expedition and I was pretty sure it was hidden around one of the ponds on our place, but I was worried that it might be one of the ponds on the part of the place that got inherited by one of my mother's siblings and got sold off. I decided to go looking on our part first and Jane and I set off the morning after I had dreamed about the boat. It was a wonderfully warm early January day and the woods were beautiful. We walked all the way around Chef's Pond without finding the boat.

Chef's Pond is named that because it was down behind Chef's house. Chef was the cook at the big house back when my mother's family was still pretty rich (did you know that my great-great-grandfather invented shoe polish). Chef was an educated man and, though he was the son of people who were slaves before the Civil War, put five daughters through college, and they were the ones who taught me not to make any reckless assumptions about people without finding out the facts first.

I remember when Chef's Pond was built. It is in a deep and very beautiful little valley and the way they built it was to drag the bottom of the valley with a dirt pan behind a bulldozer. They made a little road up out of the valley to the downstream end and dumped the clay there. After about a week or two of hauling dirt with the pan, they had a dam and old Chef's Pond has been a mighty good one ever since. My mother built a dock on the dam and most any child can stand on the dock and catch bream and bass with a cane pole.

One time this little kid was visiting my grandson. They were both about two years old and we decided to go down there and fish off the dock. This little kid was pure Italian (mother Sicilian...daddy from the peninsula) and had the blackest hair and eyes I ever saw and was very cute and intelligent. My grandson had a plastic bag of small, soft plastic

octopuses and he insisted that we use them for bait. He and the other kid sat there on the end of the dock fishing with their cane poles for a long time. Finally the Italian kid said, "I don't think we are going to catch anything on these octopuses." That expression has become part of the family and that's what Jane said after we had circumnavigated Chef's Pond and poked every pile of sticks and leaves we came to.

I knew we were just starting the search. The other likely pond was the big old swampy pond...some 70 acres. It is called the "Mitchell Pond" for the people of the original land grant for the place in 1836. The Mitchell Pond has been almost dry for about ten years and I couldn't remember when the last time I had the old canoe out in that pond, but I shoot ducks there some and I might have hidden it someplace around just in case. We started looking. Because the edge of the pond has been out of its natural swampy state for so

long, it is very thick and briery around there and it was tough going, but we finally found it.

The only way we did it was that we were standing there trying to decide which way to go next when we heard the unmistakable sound of a big hickory nut hitting an aluminum boat. Boy, it was hid good. The original pile of limbs and leaves that I covered the boat with had contributed to the fecundity of the situation and that had favored the spot with a very dense growth of high dog fennels as hard to see over as a sea of SUVs and we couldn't see the canoe until we tripped over it. It was all grown up with roots and vines and very hard to turn over, but when we did there was a perfect bamboo pole right where I had last left it maybe 20 years ago.

There was also a pack rat den (pack rats and white footed deer mice build similar nests in the woods...the way to tell which is which is that pack rats do not go to the bathroom in

the house) under there and two enormous fire ant nests in the flotation compartments in the ends. We dragged it back and put it in the truck and took it to Chef's Pond and went fishing. Did we fish out of the old forgotten wild rice canoe? Hell no. An aluminum canoe ain't worth a flip for fishing, particularly if there is any wind at all. We fished off Momma's old rickety dock and Jane caught about a 3-lb. bass and I caught three little shellcrackers which we had for supper.

So why did we go to all the trouble to resurrect the old thing? Because five of my grandchildren live up there in Chef's old house and they come down to the pond all the time and need them a boat that doesn't have to be taken care of too much. I left it half sunk in the pond to drive out the fire ants. I hope I can remember where in case they ate all the flotation and it sinks to the bottom and is lost for real.

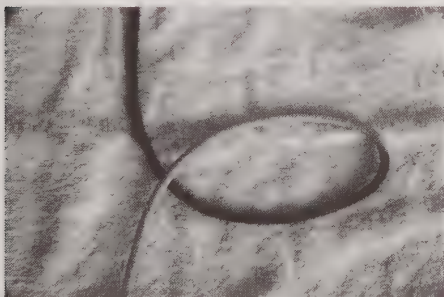
Rigger's Hitch

By Jon Lund

In the Jan. 1, 2004 issue of *MAIB*, Hugh Groth describes the advantages of securing a canoe to a vehicle using ropes rather than straps and buckles. He describes the "trucker's hitch", which works like a pulley, giving a double mechanical advantage in tightening the line.

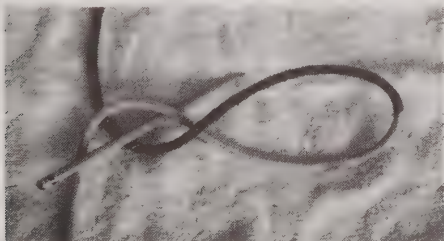
The overhand knot Mr. Groth uses to make his hitch can tighten and become difficult to untie and it is important to make the hitch so it is easy to untie. To make a hitch that is easier to untie, try a knot referred to as a "rigger's hitch". Like the bowline knot, it doesn't tighten up and is always easy to untie. The accompanying photos show how the rigger's hitch is tied. (note that the rope is half colored dark so as to make it easier to see what is going on.

While it looks complicated, after you have tied it a few times, it will be as easy to tie as a bowline knot.

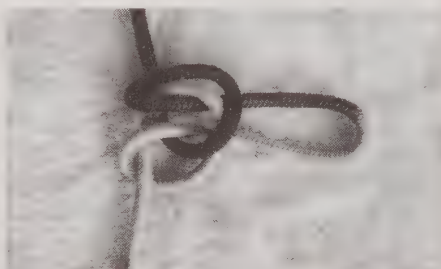


Put a half-twist loop in the standing part of the line.

Put another half-twist on the loop in the line.

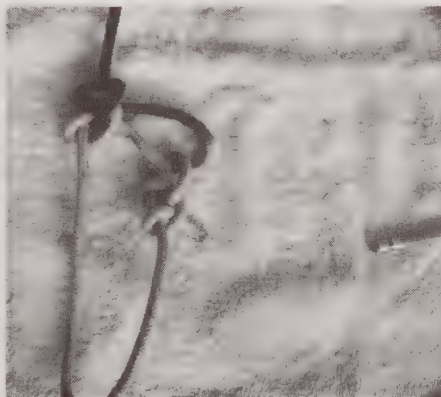


Pass the loop around behind the standing part of the line. The pencil points out the target where the loop will go.



Pass the loop through the target as indicated by the pencil and pull tight.

Pass the end of the line around the bar, back up through the loop, honk down hard and secure with two half-hitches.

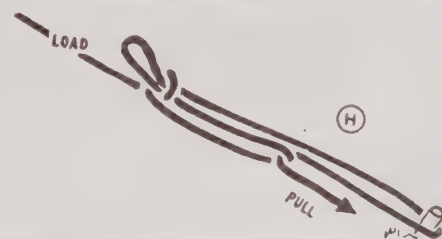


Not a "Trucker's Hitch"

The diagram on Page 29 in the January 1 issue for a "trucker's hitch" is close but not quite correct. The overhand knot is something that you wouldn't tie in a line under tension because it would be very difficult to untie.

A "trucker's hitch," also known as a "Dutchman," a "wool hitch," and properly a "leverage sheepshank," is tied according to the diagram. You pass a horseshoe bend up through an in-line loop that's been formed with the line's bitter end on top. Then run the free line end around your mooring, pull tight, and finish with a couple of half hitches. This will give you a close to 2:1 advantage in tightening your load with a little loss to friction. I use this knot to tighten the halyards on my sailboat.

Ed Howard, Essex, MA



LEVERAGE SHEEPSHANK





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This was one of a series of designs I did for the old *Small Boat Journal*. Most of them were more or less detailed concept studies, but this one was carried to buildable plans. They were all designed in response to readers' wish lists, in this case from an upstate New Yorker who complained that there were no good rowing boats on the market that were light enough for a single person to carry some distance and put on a cartop rack. He suggested something like an Adirondack guide boat modified to be easier to build without the production tooling (and great skill!) of the old time guide boat builders. He also mentioned that something with more stability would be nice if it was possible.

I like the guide boats, but I thought that their distinctive shape would make them more difficult to build, and I thought that more stability would be possible with little or no loss of performance. I think the guide boats inherited their shape from birch bark canoes and wouldn't suffer from being given more bearing in the ends, more like the Rangely boats of Maine.

This flat floored shape, with plenty of buoyancy high up fore and aft, will make standing up and changing places practical with care. It's an able model to deal with steep waves, no motorboat wake is likely to swamp this boat if it's competently handled. I used to agree with the guide boat builders that sharp deadrise made for easy rowing, but I'd come to think that it just took less skill to fair up than the flat section that is less easily heeled. Twenty-odd years on, I would make

Bolger on Design

Ultra Light Rowing Boat

Design #434
 15'0" x 3'10"

this boat less sharp at the ends, though the difference would be very small.

With one heavy man, this hull will float in less than 3" of water; with three average people around 5", with about 7-1/2" freeboard amidships, with plenty of buoyancy left at the ends; 18" clear of the water at the stemhead. The forward set of oarlocks is placed to trim the boat with one oarsman and a passenger sitting face-to-face and close together to keep the ends light. The straddle seat allows great flexibility in trimming the boat, though it was mostly adopted for structural reasons.

The designed construction is lapstrake of 1/8" (3mm) aircraft plywood. The nine frame girders are built up of 1/4" square ash with 1/8" plywood gussets. The thwart is 1/8" plywood with 1/4"x1-1/2" spruce stringers under it. Gunwales are laminated ash built up to 3/4" square inside and out. Stem and stern posts are the same, but with thinner courses to take the sharper curve. There are no metal fastenings, the whole structure being bonded with epoxy. The dry weight works out between 30 lbs. and 35 lbs.

Though laborious, this structure is not very difficult to build. The strakes are not beveled, the open laps are filled with epoxy, making a stronger bond than a close fit. The laps are carried right past the end posts in the same way, rounding off the raw ends of the strakes there. Care in lining off the strakes is the key to good looks, as in any clinker boat. Somebody wrote in after the design was published calling the frame design "over engineered" to a foolish extent and liable to damage. Fair comment, this design was mostly done for my own and readers' amusement. But the arrangement is very stiff for its weight and certainly would make a nice conversation piece for somebody with enough patience.

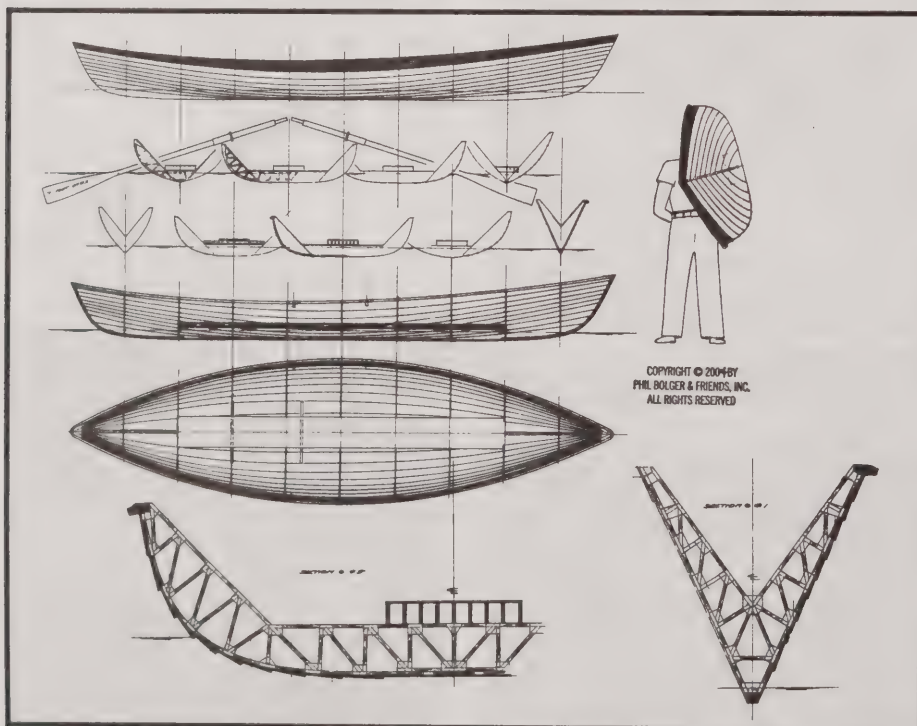
The result would be rather fragile! The boat is supposed to be boarded by stepping on the seat and squatting down to avoid stepping heavily on the bottom planking. Floorboards would add too much weight. In shifting position in the boat the weight can be partly taken on the hands, with feet put down gently. This construction is much stronger than a racing shell. It won't break up from wave action or take much harm from beaching on fine sand, mud, or grass. It is stiff enough to be carried as shown, supported by a hand under the lower gunwale and steadied by a hand over the seat. It would be great fun to watch someone try to walk with the boat in this position in a strong wind!

The shape is perfectly suitable for more conventional constructions including cold molding and "stripper canoe," as well described in Ted Moore's book *Canoeecraft*. Built that way with 1/4" cedar strips and light sheathing inside and out, the boat should come out between 70 lbs. and 80 lbs., no problem for two people to put up on a rack.

The lightest boat of this size I've had a chance to try was built to our Victoria #218 model (much like this, but with a transom stem) using 3/8" Airex foam, very thinly sheathed inside and out with little superfluous weight anywhere. It weighed about 90 lbs. and had exhilarating acceleration. Something I had to learn, contrary to what I was taught, was that a rowing boat can't be too light if it's strong enough. The notion that the momentum of extra weight helps rowing in rough water is not true because the oarsman has to accelerate the heavy boat after a wave has slowed it.

I believe some of these boats have been built with conventional constructions though we don't have any photos of them. The shape and proportions are bound to look extremely graceful. I must say I'd enjoy seeing one that had the trick frame design, however impractical.

Plans of the Ultralight Rowing Boat, our Design #434, are available for \$75 ppd. from us at P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, U.S.



Sleeper can be built using bronze nails. Bronze ring nails are great boatbuilding nails, their design incorporates a series of barbs that, once driven into wood, grip it strongly. In other words, the nail will stay fast even with the working of the hull.

However, a few precautions must be used when installing this style of nail. Small, thin ring nails bend easily, and if bent will be difficult to remove, large diameter ring nails will split small sticks. There are two cures for these problems.

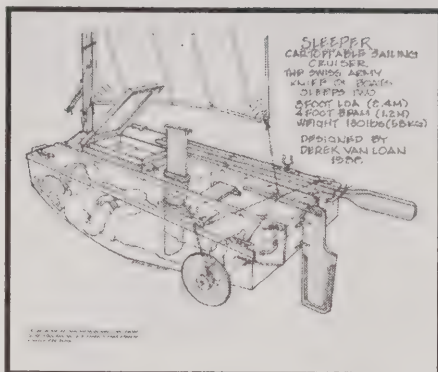
First, the structure to be nailed must be very solid or backed with a heavy bucking iron. The second solution is to always pre-drill before attempting to install any of the ring nails. For large ring nails drill 1/2 to 2/3 the diameter of the nail, always drill pilots for large ring nails, no matter what. If you happen to bend a ring nail and can't pull it out, snip it off with a wire cutter and use a punch to drive it below the surface, place a new nail close by.

If one likes, and it would be a good idea, install a few small deck plates, either in the cockpit side or transom. This will provide ventilation for the interior (prevents rot plus gives the crew fresh air). This is not only use-

Building Sleeper

Part 8

By Don Elliott



ful when sleeping or resting in the cabin but also when Sleeper is stored, afloat or ashore.

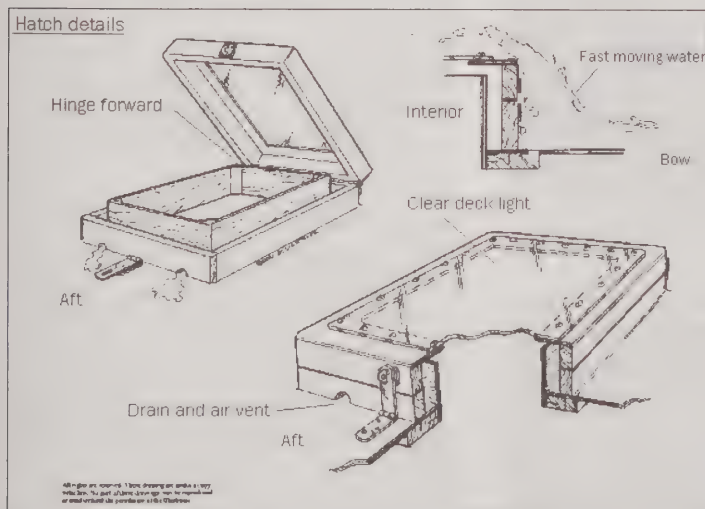
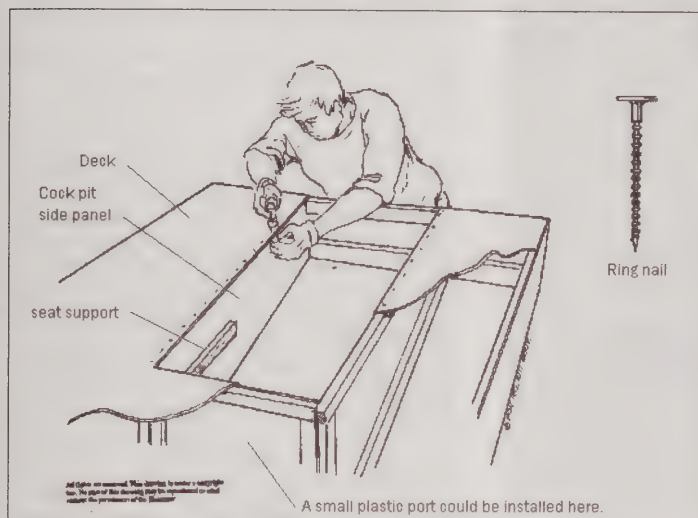
Sleeper sets low to the water and needs a good hatch. The deck hatch is a form of Griffin hatch (an English design) and is pretty much waterproof, as all hatches should be. Below are some sketches of the hatch and a photo.

The photo gives a more accurate scale of the true size of the hatch. The hinge is located forward, and if impacted with moving solid water, the water merely cascades over the top of the hatch cover leaving the cabin dry.

The deck light should be left off the hatch cover until the hull is complete, in fact, the entire hatch lid with hinge could be set aside, but be careful of the coaming when the hatch cover is not in place. Apply small fillets to the base of all hatch coaming to prevent leaks.

(To Be Continued)

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Sherpa

A John Welsford design

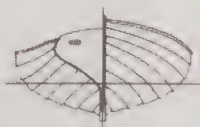
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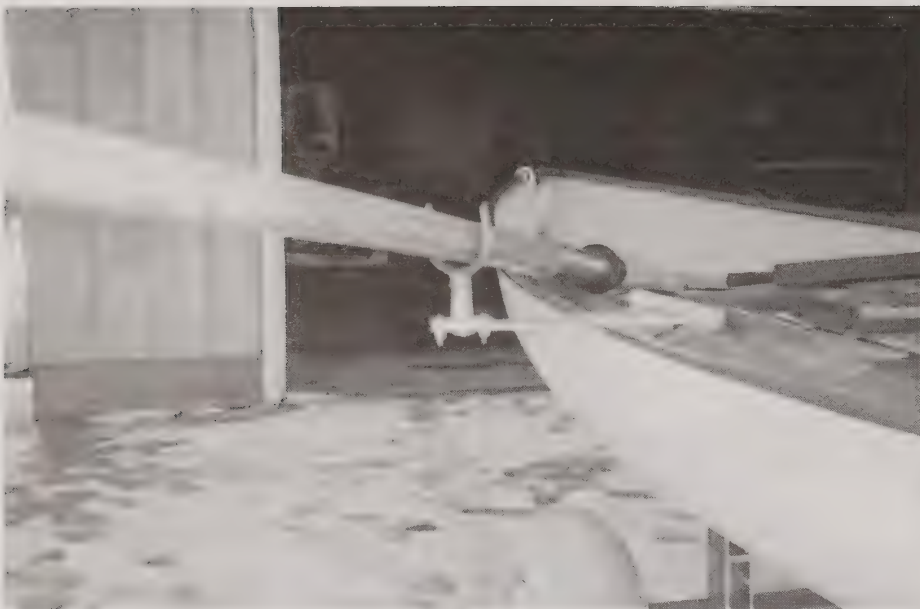


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Oardeal

By Jim Meeks



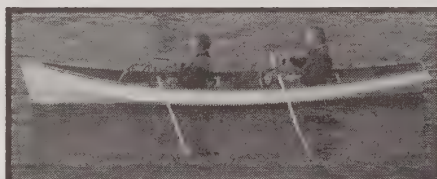
The Grand Mesa Whitehall fiberglass hull bought in 1995 from Jim Thayer.

Let me show you how I've been "messing" with a New York Whitehall purchased from Grand Mesa Boatworks in 1995. The boat was ordered without a daggerboard trunk to prevent any sailing. If it would sail it would never be rowed. For the last several years she has been rowed from a fixed seat with oarlocks on the gunwales. There was a bonus to this pleasurable exercise. I noticed my coordination was deteriorating and a persistent ache appeared in my left palm. A checkup at the garage (hospital) revealed that new fuel lines to my pump were needed. The experts suggested either tallowing the oarlocks and leathers or having a quadruple bypass. Being an inveterate "messarounder," I did both.

Since there is some evidence that rowing may have saved my life, I decided to keep messing with it. In an old issue of *Small Boat Journal* there was a feature about "rowing a canoe." The article made reference to a sliding seat rower illustrated in the *Red Cross Canoeing Manual*. Using their dimensions I built and installed a sliding seat and stretcher in the Whitehall.

The stretcher is a separate unit that attaches to the floorboards and is adjustable fore and aft and folds flat if needed. The sliding seat runs on tracks placed between the forward and midship thwarts. The tracks and rollers are from a Johnson Pocket Door mechanism which was turned upside down for this application. It comes packed in the ubiquitous plastic bag with everything you need, tracks, rollers, seat mounts (i.e., door hangers). This saves the time of messing (forgive me) around looking for individual items.


The depth of my messing around is finding things off the shelf or in the shop that can be drafted into different uses. In this vein, across the aisle from the Johnson Door dis-



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play were barn door hinges. The 10" hinges looked like they would work as outriggers, so into the cart they went.

The outriggers are the same 10" barn door hinges screwed to the inwales and a doubling block. At the end of the outriggers the oarlocks sit in reversed sockets bolted to the hinges. The oarlocks are held in place with a screw and washer through the hinge. When I ship oars the hinge folds inboard bringing the oars with it.

If the boat is too crowded I just "get off my sliding seat," fold the outriggers, collapse the stretchers, and row from the fixed thwart.

The oars used for fixed seat rowing are from Pete Culler's design in his book *Boats, Oars, and Rowing*. They are 8-1/2' long, made from 2"x6" spruce selected at the lumberyard for the least knots. The concave sides of the blades are made with a "backing out plane" (*WoodenBoat* magazine article on making your own plane). When making the plane I rounded the blade and the bottom to a 4" radius. Come to think of it, antique stores around here have wooden planes which could easily be modified. Guess I wanted to make a plane.

All this fancy new rowing machinery required longer oars. My wife had asked me, "Why don't you make curved oars instead of those?" I'd show her, using Pete Culler's layout and dimensions for spoon blade oars. A nice pair was made using 5/4"x6" cedar deck boards selected clear of knots.

This rowing setup has worked perfectly from the first stroke for the last three years, but to be honest, if I couldn't make a row-boat work, it's time to get off the water.

Some years ago, while standing on the town float in Southport, Connecticut, I watched a gray-haired woman briskly scull a flatiron skiff the length of the cove to get her mail. This woman impressed the devil out of me, here among all these yachts and fancy outboard dinghies she was probably the only person who knew how to scull. The only other time I'd seen this was in Nova Scotia at my mother's home. A fisherman was sculling a heavy dory and, being a child at the time, I thought only professionals do that.

"The Art of Sculling" article in *WoodenBoat* magazine got me going. I went to the local "Oar Store," Menards Lumber, and picked over the SPF stack of 2"x6"x12' planks for clear pieces of spruce. When walking down the stacks I saw a piece of clear cedar with a horizontal warp that caused its end to protrude 1-1/2' from the side of the stack. I said I'd take it away with the spruce plank I'd bought to save them the embarrassment of having it around. They agreed. The natural bend should make a sculling oar that will roll from side to side without turning my wrist.

A spruce sculling oar was made from the dimensions given in *WoodenBoat*. The blade is 5' long and the whole oar is 12' in length, which is a foot longer than the plan dimension. I can't stand close to the transom in the Whitehall due to the boat's shape, so the extra length is helpful.

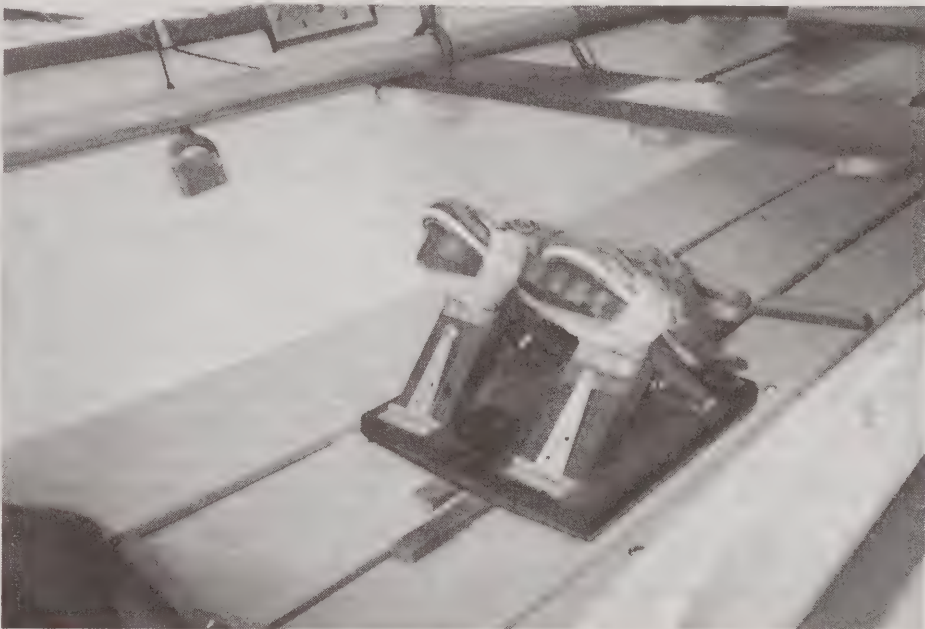
The setup uses an oarlock socket on each corner of the transom, this way I can scull port or starboard, giving each forearm a rest. In calm water, without much effort, the boat skulls about two-thirds of her normal rowing speed. I don't think I'll ever have the *savoir faire* of the Southport lady but it's great fun

and gives me an excuse to stand up after a long row.

As a final note, no project is complete without involving duct tape. The boat shoes attached to the foot stretchers are held in place with duct tape, not ordinary duct tape, mind you, but the new Clear Duct Tape.



The sliding seat and stretcher setup.



The sculling oar and its setup.



I'm one of those people who hates sanding and sanding is, of course, a big part of fairing a boat. Lucky for me my entire family hates sanding even more than I do because of the messy, persistent, get-into-everything dust. My wife and kids say things like "if you ever build another boat we will &@#%X you." I could go on, but you know what I mean.

You can make the process of fairing your boat a lot less painful by having tools which make the job easier and faster, but you probably can't buy them. Most commercially available long boards are designed for car body repair and won't do a good job on a wood boat. They are too short and the flexible ones aren't flexible enough. Wood is softer than steel (surprise) and flexible boards need to be longer to bridge the high spots and a lot more bendy than automotive products.

All this is solved if you make your own tools. To start with, self-adhesive sandpaper is available on rolls in all grits, that means the length of your board is up to you. These rolls are about 2-3/4" wide and that is an important point, you want your board to be just as wide as the paper plus a tiny bit. The adhesive itself will remind you of Post-It notes, sticky but not too much, so it can be removed later without much effort.

For flexible boards, the material you make it from needs to be really springy and the thickness will decide how much or how easily it bends. The best stuff is old sail battens. They are most often glass composite with some type of core. I usually pick these up at a yacht surplus store. Since battens are tapered in thickness, it is an ideal material to tailor the bending issue by testing in your hands to find the part or section of the batten you like best.

I have two flexible long boards, one is really soft or bendy and is shown here as Picture A. For handles I strongly prefer old (or new) small ax handles. I cut off a piece from each end and bond it to the batten. I always use a doubler at the point where the handle joins the flat since you need a larger glue surface than the handle provides. My favorite flexible board uses a full length doubler for mounting the handles which served to make the board just right on stiffness. A photo of my personal favorite is shown here as Picture B.

You should angle the handles to suit your taste, and I like to make them taller than needed so by lifting up the grip position a bit you increase leverage and make it bend a bit more, call it "variable ratio bendability index," if you like Enron accounting terms.

Rolling-Your-Own

Making Your Own Fairing Tools (Long Boards)

By Mark Kovaletz

Take a look at this hand position in Picture C.

So far we've covered boards suitable for sanding and fairing a curved hull such as a canoe. If you plan on making rudders, daggerboards and masts you will also need to have a board or two that does not bend. These are clearly easier to make, but I have one that was quite a project.

The most important consideration here is material stability, you don't want this thing to warp later on. I use Baltic-Birch plywood with the handle bonded with the long axis to help keep its shape permanently. The whole thing gets covered with epoxy as a finish.

Pictured here are two different approaches to the handle issue. One is better for sanding large chord projects like airplane wings, where you push the thing back and forth on the short axis or chord. See Picture D.

The next one has a more conventional handle for sanding along the long axis or span of a board or rudder. I made the mast for *Grin-N-Tonic* with these and without them I'd still be making it. See Picture E.

Notice that in Picture E it has a 90 degree aluminum edge on one side. This lets you put the paper on the bottom and side so you can sand an inside edge. You won't do this often but when the occasion comes along it's nice to have. This edge treatment also makes the board more stable and warp resistant.

On the 90 degree edge board I did a few additional things. First, I added the section of angle aluminum by routing out a bit of the surface so the angle matched the bottom. Next, I bonded the aluminum angle to the board and finally finished the bottom surface with a scrap of G10. The G10 is an epoxy glass sheet material used most often in circuit boards. It is very uniform and perfect for the final surface of the fairing board. Once again everything is bonded with epoxy.

Did I mention that one of these flat boards was quite a project?

You won't "believe this till you try it" but long boarding is faster than a high qual-

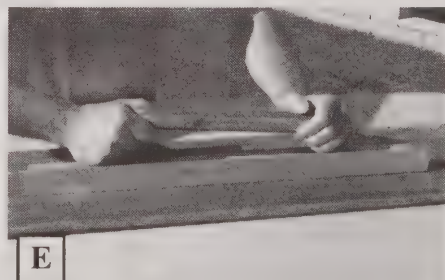
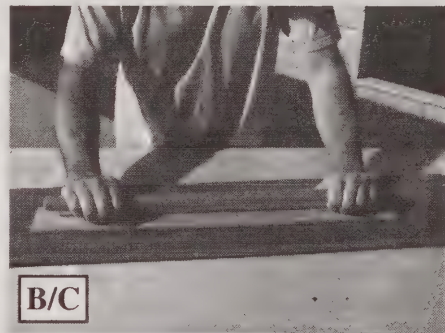
ity half-sheet sander. It takes more physical effort yes, but still it is noticeably faster.

My dear daughter's NS14, *Grin-N-Tonic*, was built using the tools shown here, and I really believe that it would not have been nearly as easy without these, in fact, it probably wouldn't have been built at all.

Next time we'll use these tools to make a dagger board using a subtle variation of the West-System™ method that I feel saves a lot of time.

You can also read this article to your significant other and help them get to sleep faster.

(About the Author: Mark Kovaletz is an Airline Transport Pilot/Flight Instructor who works for SCE. He's been flying helicopters and airplanes since 1967. He holds five patents on aviation related systems and two sets of Supplemental Type Certificates on various helicopters. He spends his spare time cleaning cured epoxy off of his garage floor under the careful supervision of his family when they're not looking, he builds stuff.)



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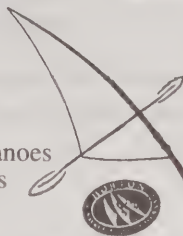
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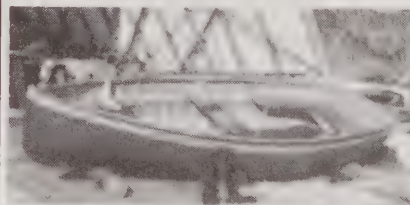
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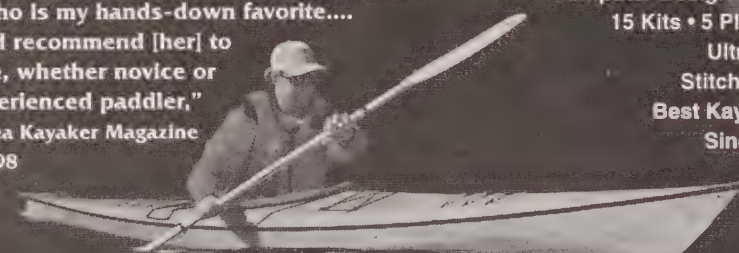


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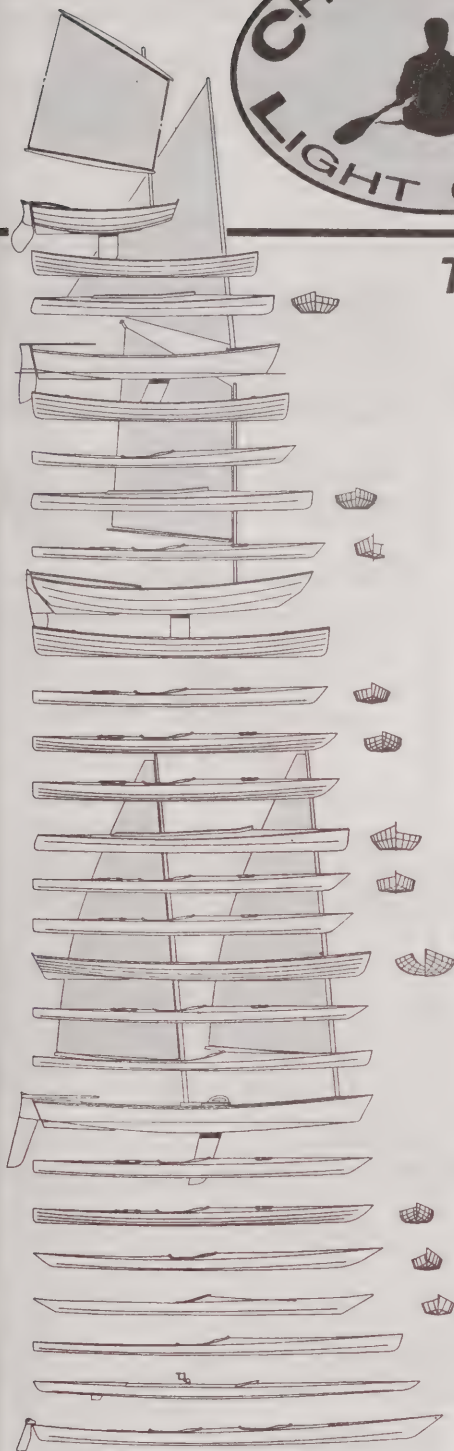
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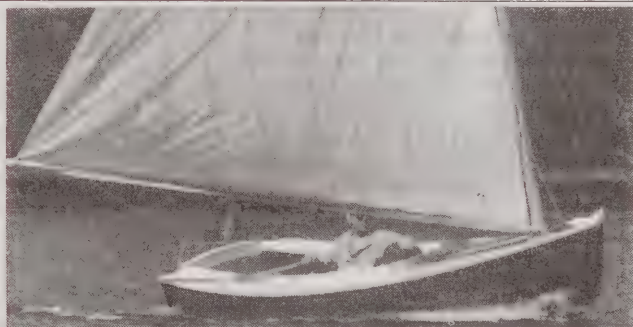
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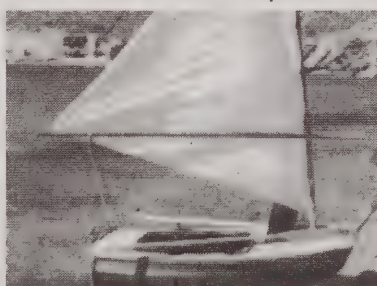
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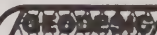
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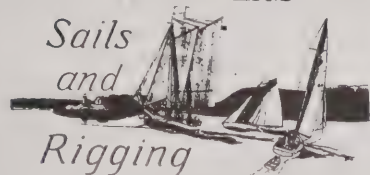
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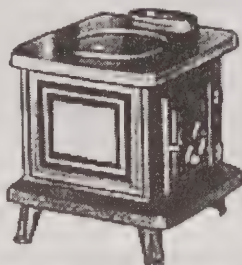
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Ocean Planet, September 14, in a spirit of remembrance, perseverance and solidarity for the tragedies of Sept. 11. Photo by Latitude 38

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15'6" New Rowboat, plywood w/6oz FG inside & out. A cartopper, weighs only 80lbs. \$500.
JACK FAATZ, Dayton, TN, (423) 775-2944, Sun-Thurs. (21)

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MICHAEL BOSWORTH, Vienna, VA, (703) 864-4174, <Michael.bosworth@verizon.net> (21)

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ROB ROY 23

A Classic Canoe Yawl

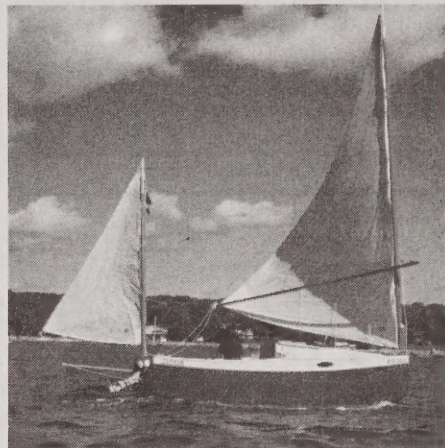
23' Rob Roy, '87, Ted Brewer design FG canoe yawl by Marine Concepts. Gd cond, well equipped. '97 galv trlr, '97 Honda 8hp OB, low hrs. \$10,500.
JOE VANDERWERF, Hendersonville, NC, (828) 692-7718, <axiom@ioa.com> (22)

16' Chrysler Dagger Sailboat, similar to Laser. Fast, fun. Sail stored inside. No trlr. \$800.
BEN RAY, Portland, ME, (207) 871-1499. (22)

8' Pilot Dinghy, sailing version. Sail, 2pc mast, boom, rudder, tiller, daggerboard & fairly new oars incl. All gear fits inside boat. Ready to row or sail. Currently living in my cellar. \$600.
LIM LACEY, 305 Prospect St., Willimantic, Ct 06226, (860) 456-1214, <Lacey@EasternCT.edu> (22)

15' WW Potter, '02, 4hp 4st OB, galv trlr, many options. Will send list. \$8,400 OBO.
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Long Micro, 20' Phil Bolger cat yawl mini cruiser *Zephyr* is reluctantly for sale. Quality amateur constr '93/'94 w/many upgrades over the years. Marine fir ply & System 3 & WEST™ System epoxies throughout. Featured at www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr.htm & www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr_faq.htm. \$5,000 firm w/gd running '70s 5.5hp Johnson, or \$4,800 w/o. *Zephyr* has been yard kept since launch. Located Shelter Island, New York. No trlr incl, please note I can't arrange delivery.
DANIEL GONNEAU, Astoria, NY, (718) 726-3549. (22)



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20' Chrysler C-20 Sloop, '79 model, slps 4, 1'1" draft w/ swing keel retracted. Main & working jib. 9.9hp Johnson Sailmaster LS OB w/gen, '89 VHF, anchor & rode, battery, V-berth cushions. Dual axle trlr. Huge cockpit, grt for day sailing or cruising for the outdoor type. Will deliver within 3hrs of Philadelphia. \$2,200.
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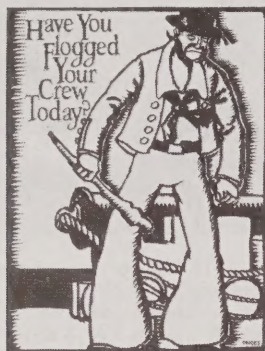
14' Cape Dory Handy Cat, Cape Cod style catboat. '71. Gaff rig. Sitka spruce spars, teak coaming & seats. FG hull. 4.5hp British Seagull OB, cover & trlr. All in vy gd cond. A comfortable classic day sailer. \$6,950 compl.
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ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (313) 322-7967, <rroyal@ford.com> (21)

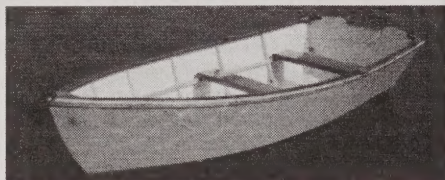
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O'Day Javelin or Daysailer Rudder, any cond. Also cockpit seat hatch cover.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (21)

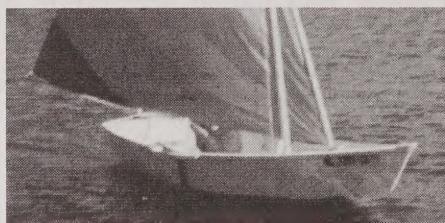
Trailer, for keel/CB sailboat (23' O'Day) in gd cond, to move boat from LI/NY to ME. Boat weighs 3,000lbs, draft 2'4". Probably nds to be bunk type & galv or alum. Expect to pay \$1,000 or higher for near new shape. Will travel to pick up. Appreciate info.
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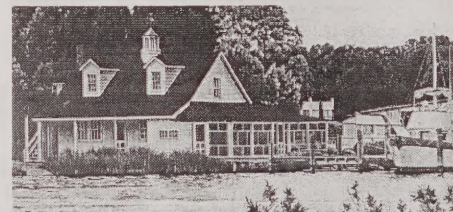


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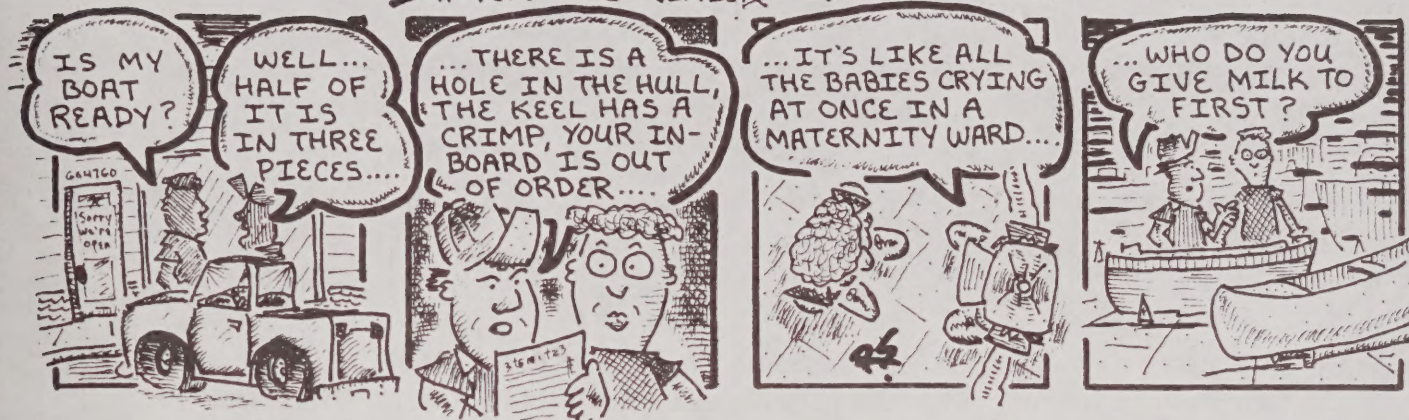


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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

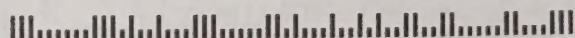
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